Volume LXXXVI No. 8 May 12, 1967 30 cents

commonweal

SPRING BOOK ISSUE

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY
MAY 11 1967
CARTHAGENA STATION CELINA OHIO

DAWN, TOTEM AND DRUMS

Wilfred Cartey

AESCHYLUS I'M MAYBE NOT

Warren Coffey

THE JEWS OF SILENCE

Daniel Stern

Reviews of—*Anthony Powell* • *Thornton Wilder* • *Christopher Isherwood* • *Rudyard Kipling* • *Robert Lowell* • *Louis MacNeice*

ST CHARLES SEMINARY LIB
CARTHAGENA STATION
CELINA OHIO 45822
12-67

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIDES BOOKS

new 1967 spring titles

THE PARISH IN A TIME OF CHANGE

MARVIN BORDELON, (ed.)

Gives impetus and direction to the necessary modernization of the parish in the new Church.

cloth $5.95

THE IMPLICATIONS OF RENEWAL

SISTER M. CHARLES BORROMEO MUCKENHIRN, C.S.C.

The impact of change in the Church, Christian education and religious life.

cloth $5.95 paperback $2.95

THE CHURCH MADE RELEVANT

PETER J. RIGA

Relates the Church to the needs and problems of men of our age.

cloth $5.95

ONE STEP ENOUGH

LEO J. TRESE

Practical Christian life and how to introduce it into the home, family and work.

cloth $3.95

ACADEMIC FREEDOM *AND THE* CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

EDWARD MANIER and JOHN HOUCK, (eds.)

A thorough analysis of academic freedom, identity and the Catholic university.

cloth $4.95

THE CHRISTIAN IMAGE OF WOMAN

WILLI MOLL

Woman's role in terms of life—her techniques of growth, participation and response.

paperback $2.95

AS IF HE HAD SEEN THE INVISIBLE

JACQUES LOEW

A vivid portrait of the modern apostle in a world on the move.

paperback $2.95

Write for Complete Information

FIDES PUBLISHERS, INC.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA 46556

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New RANDOM HOUSE books

The Rt. Rev. Monsignor George A. Kelly

THE CHRISTIAN ROLE IN TODAY'S SOCIETY

One of today's best known Catholic writers and counselors provides firm guidelines for facing the social problems that confront us as Christians, as Americans, and as human beings. Monsignor Kelly —Secretary for Education of the Archdiocese of New York—examines racial and religious prejudice, poverty, individual vs. community responsibility, and other urgent issues. "An honest, simple, and pious guide for the Catholic layman, giving advice and recommending procedures for every phase of Christian living . . . Good for young people."—*Library Journal.* $4.95

Photo: Fabian Bachrach

Henri Fesquet

THE DRAMA OF VATICAN II

American introduction by MICHAEL NOVAK. Translated by *Bernard Murchland.* This book—by Europe's foremost religious journalist, who covered all four Council sessions — has been called "the *Summa* of Vatican II" by *Témoignage Chrétien.* "Most helpful, both for sheer information and for wise interpretive comment . . . M. Fesquet had channels of information apparently denied to almost all other earthly mortals, and also an ability to sift through masses of material to emerge with what was really crucial."—ROBERT MCAFEE BROWN, *Professor of Religion, Stanford University.* $15

Now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS AND VIEWS

It is impossible to conceive that the drafters of the minority report of the papal birth control commission, if they thought for half-a-minute that their report would be made public word for word, would have prepared the document they did.

The *National Catholic Reporter,* which "exploded" the commission statements, said that the minority report argued "at times passionately." It did, indeed . . . and beyond. For us, sections of the report bordered on the offensive, specifically when they introduced into consideration such exotic notions as "oral and anal copulation," "mutual masturbation between the spouses," "masturbation among youths," "extra-marital sexual relationships" and "homosexuality."

The point was that a change in Catholic teaching on contraception could lead to the undermining of traditional moral viewpoints in these and other areas. The obvious rejoinder, it seems, is that a less demanding marriage morality code would diminish temptations in many of those directions, for the simple reason that there would be a wider means to express normal sexual love.

Without even considering the morality or immorality of contraception, it is difficult to see that its condoning would lead to the licentiousness that the minority commission members fear. Certainly there seems nothing in the Protestant experience to document the worry.

Whatever all that, it is easier after reading the birth control commission reports to appreciate the Pope's dilemma. If the reasoning of the majority group falls short of persuading him (a likely assumption), it is understandable now that it should be impossible to embrace a presentation as tendentious as that of the minority.

Returning to the *National Catholic Reporter: NCR* furnished the press with a news story on the papal birth commission documents with a release time of Monday a.m., April 17. The story was front-page news just about everywhere.

However, it was not until the news packet that went into the mail on April 19 that the news agency of the U.S. Bishops—NC, in Washington—took notice of the story. Even then it confined itself to a 136-word item, captioned: BISHOP CURTIS DEPLORES PUBLICATION OF BIRTH CONTROL REPORT.

Curiously, less than a week had passed since NC carried in its documentary service the text of the communications statement adopted by the U.S. Bishops at their Chicago meeting. The statement included the following:

". . . the use of the media is a testament to the Church's belief in two fundamental principles of communications, namely, the right to information; and the necessity of public opinion in the Church. . .

". . . this right to information places important demands upon both those who have a duty to inform as well as those who are professional communicators. . .

"The right to information . . . we firmly believe must be stressed today because only a true and complete knowledge will enable society and man as an individual to stand secure in an age of intellectual and moral turmoil."

•

Times have changed in 450 years, but men have not. Church doors are no longer used to challenge self-isolated authorities on critical issues, television screens are—and they are so much more immediate and effective.

The fact was reconfirmed by the sight of Fr. Charles Curran speaking before peers, pupils and press about the unexplained termination of his professorship at the Catholic University of America and calmly insisting upon a just and public airing of the case.

The incident evoked thoughts of a few years ago and the mishandling by authorities of a similarly sensitive situation. Then the scratching of speakers from a lecture series grew into a *cause célèbre;* the firing of Fr. Curran threatened for a time to turn into a revolution—and would assuredly have unless his case was handled with full justice.

C. U. authorities have an astonishing penchant for creating difficulties for themselves. The university's board of directors, holding its semi-annual meeting in Chicago in conjunction with the assembly of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, established a survey and objectives committee to study "the function and place of the Catholic University of America in modern Catholic education on a national scale." Then, as if to insure work for the committee, the board terminated Fr. Curran's services. A more amazing coupling of events is hard to imagine.

Dr. Carroll Hochwalt of St. Louis, chairman of the study committee, claims the widest possible mandate from which "nothing will be excluded."

Said Hochwalt: "It is obviously the trustees' desire to leave no question unanswered which may affect the university as a national institution, its faculty, its students, and the Church and the nation it serves."

It is an impressive commission. Catholic America will be watching Catholic University for results.

•

Mindful of the historic influence of Catholic bishops in Irish affairs and the traditional attitude of Irish bishops toward Trinity College Dublin, we were no little astonished over the merger of Trinity (Protestant) and University College (R.C.) into a new University of Dublin. Then we read that the merger was achieved independently of the Catholic hierarchy . . . The approval of the bishops was "neither sought nor obtained," Irish Educator Minister Donagh O'Malley announced. Which explained everything. For if the bishops were parties to the merger discussions, negotiations could have dragged on for a century or two.

The merger is perhaps the best thing that has happened to Ireland since Guinness' stout.

•

The Bishops of Canada have urged that next Fall's Synod of Bishops in Rome be "as open to the press as the third and fourth sessions of the Vatican Council." It is a minimum request.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Charles Davis

Collegeville, Minn.

To the Editor: Justus George Lawler's article on the Charles Davis case (April 7) was the kind of article I have been waiting for. Thanks to him for writing it and to you for publishing it.

(REV.) PAUL MARX, O.S.B.

Hollis, N. Y.

To the Editors: Professor Lawler argues his case against Charles Davis with erudition, cogency and enough sympathy to prevent the argument from becoming ultimately harsh. How generous of him to admit Father Davis back into the Church in his old age!

Yet however tightly knit his argument is, and however well grounded in history, I wonder if it goes deep enough to shed any light on this recent religious phenomenon, the Davis break with the Church.

Charles Davis may or may not come back to the Church. And if one wants to consider probabilities, he may or may not decide to remain Christian. As far as the second eventuality is concerned under God, very much depends on how he is treated by his co-religionists after all the initial outpourings of sympathy and sorrow.

The point that Professor Lawler seems to give scant consideration to is this. Given the choice of remaining in a Church with which he had become disenchanted but "to which he could have given so much" (by continuing to make a name for himself as an exemplary moderate theologian?) or trying as graciously and honestly as he could under the circumstances to withdraw from that Church, which should he have done? The dogmatic cast of mind prompts us to reply that for everyman, whatever the circumstances, the former is always right. Moreover others have been unjustly treated while remaining faithful members, have endured and after a while have been vindicated.

There is nothing wrong with both

(Continued on page 243)

NEWS & VIEWS: 220 **CORRESPONDENCE: 221**
EDITORIALS: 221
OPENING PERFORMANCE FOR A GREEK TRAGEDY: *Matthew M. Mestrovic* **222**
PRICE TAGS FOR CATHOLIC EDUCATION: *Robert Hassenger* **223**
A LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND OVER THE WALL: *Czarina Wilpert* **224**
CATHOLIC SUPER-PATRIOTS: *James O'Gara* **226**
THE DAWN, THE TOTEM, THE DRUMS: *Wilfred Cartey* **227**
AESCHYLUS I'M MAYBE NOT: *Warren Coffey* **231**
THE JEWS OF SILENCE: *Daniel Stern* **232**
A BEATLE METAPHYSIC: *Richard Corliss* **235**
THE SCREEN: *Philip T. Hartung* **236**
BOOKS: 238

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Editor* JAMES O'GARA: *Managing Editor*
DANIEL CALLAHAN: *Associate Editor* JOHN LEO: *Associate Editor*
PETER STEINFELS: *Assistant Editor*
ANNE ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant*
WILFRID SHEED: *Books* PHILIP T. HARTUNG: *Movie Critic* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
ROBERT BARRAT: *Paris* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN: *Rome* J. M. CAMERON: *Great Britain*
JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and from mid-July to mid-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1967 Commonweal Publishing Co, Inc. US and Canada, $9 a year. Foreign $11.

THE WESTMORELAND CAPER

Is there a General Westmoreland? Certainly there is a military commander for U.S. forces in Vietnam who goes by that name. But the figure who spoke before the Associated Press meeting and before a joint session of Congress was only Lyndon B. Johnson, rigged up like a military leader and momentarily substituting the voice of the Soldier for that of the Texas Cornpone-Slinger. Was the performance convincing? Well, Senator Russell Long got so excited by Westmoreland-Johnson's speech to Congress that he hopped up and down. Representative L. Mendel Rivers was similarly aroused. The speech, he declared, "separates the men from the boys." And quoting Decatur's "my country right or wrong," he added, "It's too late to question whether it's right or wrong." Mr. Rivers was quite pleased over this fact.

Otherwise, the performance was a flop. A "Loyalty March" in New York the day after the speech to Congress garnered only 3,000 participants, compared to the hundreds of thousands who marched against the war on April 15. General Westmoreland-Johnson's slur about "unpatriotic acts here at home" was promptly and courageously answered by Senator George McGovern: "In trying to imply that it is American dissent which is causing the Vietnamese to continue the war, the Administration is only confessing the weakness of its own case by trying to silence its critics and confuse the American people. It is not the impact of the dissent on Hanoi that worries the Administration; it is the fact that the dissenters have exposed the contradictions, the falsehoods, and the resulting credibility gap which surrounds Administration policy."

The Westmoreland-Johnson performance was another demonstration of what McGovern is talking about: contradictions, falsehoods, and omissions. The General's denial that the conflict is, in any sense, a civil war but rather an "external aggression from North Vietnam" is a shocking bit of Newspeak. Not only a plethora of government documents, but even his own statement that the enemy has built up base areas "over a period of 20 years" document

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fact that the Vietnamese conflict is an internal struggle for the control of a nation. Northern and Southern Vietnamese, pledged, to a lesser or greater extent, to a Northern government in Hanoi, are fighting Northern and Southern Vietnamese, pledged, to a lesser or greater extent, to a Northern government in Saigon. The "external" factor is the General himself and 438,000 Americans. One may recognize these facts and still support the war. But the General's flat denial suggests either an incredible self-delusion or a willingness to employ the technique of the Big Lie.

Westmoreland-Johnson talked in the same equivocal vein about terror and bombing. He expressed horror over Vietcong attacks on "revolutionary development" personnel while calmly praising the "revolutionary development" program as a crucial element in Saigon's strategy to win the war. He decried the 53,000 victims of *nine* years of Vietcong terror, but failed to mention that our own military operations will cause as many civilian casualties in 1967 alone. He explained the "military purposes" of U.S. bombing in the North; but even while he was conferring in Washington, government officials admitted that the recent American bombings of power plants were "punishment" and "psychological warfare" and had no military objective at all.

Perhaps all this is quibbling. Perhaps the Administration is not subject to the same logic and the same respect for facts that lesser mortals must steer their lives by. It certainly seems that way. "These are the thoughts of another generation," declares that swinger, Mr. Rusk, about the protests of the peace movement; and then talks on as though Munich were a village in Southeast Asia. "The world is very, very complicated," Mr. Lodge informs us—thank you kindly, sir—and adds that "the well-advertised domino theory applies here." What we think applies instead is the straightforward analysis by Senator McGovern: "Our Vietnam policymakers have distorted history to justify our intervention in a civil conflict supposedly to defend a free nation against external aggression; actually we are backing a dictatorial group in Saigon against a competing group in the North."

Such an action *could* be justified—with some hard evidence and not the sort of pap Westmoreland-Johnson served the nation. Given the recent events in China and Indonesia, is there truly an imminent Chinese threat to our national security? The speeches of Westmoreland-Johnson did not even mention China! Is the Vietcong terror really comparable to what the war is doing, and promises to do for 5 to 15 years, to Vietnam, North and South, and its people? Are the worldwide opportunities for peace genuinely improved by a war of which the General himself said "I do not see any end . . . in sight"?

Washington cannot answer these questions. Which is precisely why the Administration would prefer they no longer be asked. It would prefer a respectful silence while it shifts to a policy of total war for total victory. We hope that Americans raise a cry of anguish instead. Westmoreland-Johnson told the Associated Press that in Vietnam "the reputation and the very honor of our country are at stake." They are indeed—but in a way that these two men will probably never understand.

Opening Performance for a Greek Tragedy

Things in Greece are seldom what they seem to be. It is likely that King Constantine was not an accomplice in the April 21st military coup that toppled the shaky minority government of Panayotis Canellopoulos, which the King had installed against the will of parliament. But many Greeks suspect that some of the King's most intimate advisers, perhaps even his ambitious mother, Queen Frederika ("the German woman"), may have been privy to the plot to set up a military dictatorship.

The actors who staged the coup are rightist army officers, notably Colonel Papandopoulos, the military commander of Athens, who wants to don the mantle of General Metaxas, the dictator who ruled Greece with the support of the crown from 1936 to 1941. Papandopoulos, judging by his inept public pronouncements, seems to regard himself as the surgeon, and hapless Greece as the patient "lying on the operating table," who must be "tied down" for his own good. But the supporting cast that precipitated the crisis includes not only Constantine, and his coterie, but Center Union party leader George Papandreou, 79, and his son Andreas, 48, a former U.S. citizen and head of Berkeley's economics department. For those familiar with Greek politics the outcome of the feud between Constantine and Papandreou seemed as inevitable as the unraveling of a Sophoclean tragedy.

The crisis, which preceded the coup, began in July 1965, when King Constantine forced George Papandreou

NEXT WEEK

DAVID S. FRENCH writes about the relationship between America and the developing economies:

"It is undeniably the case that income in developing nations is now increasing far less rapidly than in developed states. In part, this follows from financial, institutional, and skills barriers within the developing world. At least as important, however, are economic conditions over which poorer nations have little control. . . . Essentially, the nature of the world economy offers little but despair to developing nations, and there is no relief in sight."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to resign as Premier though his Center Union commanded an absolute majority in parliament, a rare achievement for any one party in Greece. The ostensible reason for Papandreou's ouster was that his leftist son Andreas was involved with leftist officers, grouped in a secret organization called Aspida (the shield), who were plotting to topple the monarchy. But again, typically of Greek politics, though 15 officers were convicted of the plot in March, it is not entirely clear whether a conspiracy existed at all, or whether the accusation was manufactured by the rightist elements in the army, to discredit Papandreou, and pave the way for their own coup. Whatever the facts, it is clear that Papandreou had sought to purge the army of some rightist officers, and had incurred their implacable hatred.

The problem with Greek democracy is that it has shallow roots in Greek history and tradition, burdened with half a millennium of autocratic Ottoman rule. More often than not, the party in power tended to intimidate the voters and tamper with the elections to perpetuate itself in power. In addition, Greek society is still scarred with the aftermath of the civil war between royalists and Communists, supported respectively by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Almost two decades have passed since the crushing of the Communist insurrection, but the relatively greater freedom, which had gradually been established, only brought the implacable feud into the open once again. For years, after the civil war, Greece was ruled by an efficient technocrat, Konstantin Karamanlis, who in typical Greek fashion maintained his National Radical Union in power with the help of the police, after its popularity had waned. However, Karamanlis quarreled with Queen Frederika, and she eventually toppled him and forced him to go into French exile, like so many disgraced Greek politicians, and outspoken intellectuals.

As a result of Karamanlis' dismissal, the opposition leftist Center Union gained a sweeping victory at the polls in 1964. A durable old liberal, never averse to demagogic tactics, George Papandreou courted leftist votes, alarming the military and causing them to murmur that a coup was imperative to "defend the monarchy."

Military coups, revolutions, and overthrows of kings, are, of course, nothing new in Greece. The Greek military staged coups in 1922, 1925, 1926, 1933, and 1935. King Constantine I was deposed during World War I because of his pro-German leanings. George II, the uncle of the present king, was ousted in 1923, and brought back to the throne in 1935 by another military conspiracy. Greek politics sway precariously between anarchism and dictatorship.

Even a semi-democratic, parliamentary government is difficult to maintain for long in power in Greece. But by their actions over the past two years, both King Constantine, still a boy at 26, and the elder Papandreou, were busy paralyzing orderly constitutional government. The king managed to spin off just enough deputies from the Center Union to deny Papandreou a majority in parliament. Then he kept installing a series of weak minority governments, the last of which was that of National Radical Union leader Canellopoulos, who sought an issue out of the parliamentary chaos by scheduling new elections on May 28, which according to most observers Papandreou would win handily. In fact the Papandreous sought to turn the election into a plebiscite against the king, and darkly hinted at the need for a "people's revolution," thus playing into the hands of the reactionaries in the army.

The tragedy of the situation is that it may lead either to a full-blown dictatorship of the fascist type, or to increasing popular disorders, strife, bloodshed, and eventually to revolution. The slogans proclaimed by the military ("Unity, Work, Peace, Progress") and their ban on miniskirts for girls and long hair for boys, are unpleasantly reminiscent of the policies of "national regeneration" instituted by Mussolini in Italy. Equally familiar are the massive roundups of thousands of "Communists," and the threats that some of them may be tried for "treason," including Andreas Papandreou. On the other hand, given the Greek propensity for violence, the crisis may degenerate into civil war, and possibly lead to renewed foreign intervention. The ultimate tragedy is that those most responsible for Greece's present plight, the King, his advisers, and the Papandreous, seem far more concerned with pursuing their personal vendettas, than with serving the overriding interest of the Greek nation for peace and a relatively free government.

MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC

Price Tags for Catholic Education

Those who attended the 64th annual meeting of the National Catholic Educational Association (NCEA) in Atlantic City the last week of March were struck by the new mood of optimism that prevailed. No longer were defensive motions made from the floor to provide huge sums of money to refute even modest critiques of Catholic education. During the last year, two major studies of the Catholic schools have been published, and the data indicate that they have achieved, at best, only modest success. But Catholic educators seem to have taken these findings in stride.

There is a great deal of bustle, as commissions and school boards are formed, and position papers produced. The question of whether parochial schools are becoming refuges for white pupils is finally being faced; a major conference on Catholic education is to be held in October; and Paul VI is known to be working on an encyclical discussing the relationship between the Church and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

university, for release in 1968.

But things may not have changed so much as it would appear: the same questions are being asked, and the same kinds of traditional answers apparently sought. For example, the President-General of the NCEA, Bishop Ernest J. Primeau, urged the 19,000 teachers and administrators to "make Catholic education adequate to the last third of the twentieth century." Which is great . . . and what the Catholic self-critics have been urging for some time. But when Bishop Primeau elaborates this concern, it turns out that he would like to have formulated "the reasons for the existence of a Catholic school system in the United States at this particular moment in history."

Indeed. Or anywhere, at anytime. An increasing number of people would certainly like to be persuaded of the viability and desirability of a separate Catholic educational system, particularly in light of its rather unimpressive effects, in all the available research to date. But the social scientist would insist that such a rationale is only one—and perhaps not the most important—of the things an organization such as the NCEA should provide. The Catholic educational marketplace is glutted with statements of position, prescribing new programs for survival. These latter are almost invariably made without buttressing evidence to demonstrate their workability, or even plausibility.

What the NCEA ought to be in business to provide, are scenarios, packages of options with accompanying price tags. These are the matters on which the universities ought to be working closely with Catholic educators. Not to do more research, necessarily; we can never have too much, but a good case can be made that there are sufficient data right now to work up into badly-needed guidelines of a hard-nosed, pragmatic character.

Centers for research and development in Catholic education ought to be drawing from work such as Ernest Bartell's 1965 Princeton dissertation on the cost-effectiveness of Catholic schooling, and the fund of unanalyzed data from the Greeley-Rossi and Notre Dame studies. They ought to be working with constitutional lawyers and students of the Supreme Court, as well, and monitoring the work of the social scientists. It should then be possible to say, to the Catholic school superintendents, something like this:

"It appears that, especially with the changing patterns of control in Catholic higher education, the Supreme Court will decide public funds can be made available to college students, to spend in the schools of their choice. Given the long-range economic forecast, and the elections of 1968 coming up, it seems likely that parents will be able to spend the proportions for education that economist A found: that is to say, a family with 3 children under 18 and an annual income of $9,000 will probably spend, on the average, X proportion for education. Assuming that higher education will be available for all qualified students, it would seem that you can count on $X from such a family for your primary or secondary schools.

"We also know from sociologist B that the demographic trends in your diocese point to a steadily increasing proportion in parishes 1, 2 and 3 to be from socio-economic groups that will be hard put to support private education. Further, Y proportion is from such-and-such ethnic groups, which we know to be less interested in Catholic education. In parishes 8, 9 and 10, however, other factors obtain, and it would seem that Z proportion of families will probably be able to spend $Z, on the average, for primary and secondary education.

"Therefore, if your parish grammar schools are to educate their present proportion of Catholic students in 1984, it will cost you approximately $_____. This leaves roughly $_____ for secondary education for the present proportion of high-school age Catholics, since it costs 2½ times as much per pupil for secondary than for primary education. On the other hand, it should be noted that the birth-rate has been down since 1960, and in 1984, the average freshman class will be approximately ABC. You can spend about $X, and provide such-and-such an education (e.g., fifth through twelfth grade) for X proportion; or, for $Y, you could give a high school education to Y proportion. Keeping in mind trends QRS, it would seem to be a safer bet to go direction 1 than direction 2."

Or something like this, which is hopelessly crude, and only hints at the sort of model—some may prefer to think of game plans and option plays—which could be concocted. But those who believe the Church's educational mission is impervious to systems analysis are not facing reality. To see the whole picture, we need, in addition, the kind of field approach that McLuhan has persuaded us is necessary for comprehending the electronic media. Philosophers will be in the scenario: we need them for helping to determine the criteria necessary for cost-effectiveness analysis. But other disciplines must be involved.

ROBERT HASSENGER

(Robert Hassenger is an assistant professor of sociology at Notre Dame and editor of the forthcoming book The Shape of Catholic Higher Education [U. of Chicago].)

A Look in the Mirror and over the Wall

Bonn

What do West Germans honestly think about reunification? There is hardly a question more frequently asked by puzzled foreigners viewing the reunification policy of the Federal Republic. The official answer to this question remains unchanged. Yet most foreign commentators claim

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that West Germans today are more concerned about their own well-being and good life than about future unity with the East. Others principally West Germans themselves, emphasize that it is the most central and burning question for the *Bundesrepublik*.

A recent public opinion survey, made by the *Institut für Angewandte Sozialwissenschaft*, a respected research institute, provides some new answers. It indicates that the German people are in general becoming more flexible in their attitude toward East Germany and are willing to make concessions in order to improve the chances for unity. This change of feelings comes at an interesting time. The current government is struggling to develop a new policy toward Eastern Europe and East Germany, and every other day new events occur or new statements are made which have some bearing on the question of German unity. Most notable among these has been the recent public controversy within the Free Democratic Party (FDP) over a revised German reunification policy which might mean recognition of the East. No one believes that the time is ripe for this recognition to take place, but the crisis within the Free Democrats has had a great effect on public discussion.

How Much Interest?

The survey I mentioned undertook to measure the interest of West Germans in reunification and their opinions regarding East Germany (the DDR). A majority of West Germans, it was found, favor a pragmatic policy toward the DDR. Almost three-fifths are in favor of "paced progress" toward reunification: 48 percent in the spring of 1966, but 59 percent by the end of the year. West Germans are open to some concessions. Twenty-six percent are in favor of discussing recognition of the DDR. Broken down according to political parties, the most open toward discussion are the Free Democrats with 32 percent and the Social Democrats with 30 percent, followed by the National Democratic Party with 29 percent, and the Christian Democrats with only 21 percent. Thirty-four percent of West Germans favor consideration of the possibility of recognizing the Oder-Neisse Line, with little difference among the major political parties on this point. Only the FDP has a significantly higher figure with 39 percent in favor of such consideration.

Very few persons would consider making changes in the Federal Republic in case of reunification. Eleven percent are willing to talk about the possibility of the presence of Russian troops in the West; 20 percent about the nationalization of basic industry; and 37 percent would agree to recognition of the Communist Party once again.

Opinions on the standards of living in the East and West are quite differentiated. Almost all agree that West Germany provides more consumer goods and takes better care of the old and the ill. Yet opinion is sharply divided on educational possibilities: 40 percent believe the Western system to be better, 39 percent the Eastern. Those people who have personal contacts with citizens of East Germany tend to hold the opinion that the Eastern system is better (62 percent).

At the end of 1966, only 25 percent of the German population found the division of Germany insupportable; two years ago, at the end of 1964, the figure was 38 percent. Only 18 percent felt that they would "quite personally" profit if Germany were reunited.

The survey report concludes "that the greatest German national preoccupation overlaps with personal interest only to a limited extent." In attempting to find the reasons for this decreasing commitment to reunification, the surveyors link up: the slowly but continually diminishing number of people with personal ties to the East, and the special strain which private households intermittently feel under the present economic situation. Given these facts, a united Germany no longer appears "so acute."

The investigators point out that attainment of easier and better contact between East and West will raise interest in reunification as well. They go so far as to conclude that the German public is quite open to unexpected and unconventional German reunification initiatives, as long as the basic existence of the Western social order is not questioned. A détente between East and West Germany appears to be a more likely development than unity, and according to this survey such a relaxation of tension corresponds to the ideas and desires of the West German people.

Yet current East-West relations show, in fact, little decrease in tension. Once more this Easter, West Berliners were not allowed entrance into the Eastern sector to visit friends and families. In the face of new West German relationships with Rumania and other Eastern European nations, Ulbricht arranged special mutual-assistance treaties with Poland and Czechoslovakia, which are expected to hinder further West German initiatives. And now the Protestant Church, which has been the only functioning bridge to the East, has had to face a crisis. Some Eastern theologians writing in the Communist Party paper in the DDR have protested against the unity of the Protestant Church and the dominance of the West Germans. While the Church's policy of unity has been maintained, such events could have another effect on West German public opinion certainly not in keeping with the recent survey. It will take sophisticated leadership in the West to overcome the possible reactions to the tightening up of the Ulbricht regime, leadership which will move in the direction suggested by the authors of the survey: more and better contact with the East, whether through sports, culture, economic arrangements, or tourism.

CZARINA WILPERT

(Czarina Wilpert, now living in West Germany, is a former staff member for both U.S. and international Young Christian Students.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

CATHOLIC SUPER-PATRIOTS

Cardinal Spellman's super-patriotism has become almost commonplace; we are of course embarrassed before the world that a Catholic bishop should take a posture that would seem exaggerated in an American Legionnaire, but over the years we have become more or less accustomed to it. Does Cardinal Spellman's position in fact reflect that of the American Church as a whole, though? We know that some varieties of Protestantism involve a fusion of religion and nationalism, but has this also been true of Catholicism in the United States? In their efforts to combat ethnic division among immigrant Catholics, did the American hierarchy simply encourage these new citizens to exchange one nationalism for another and less awkward variety?

Dorothy Dohen asks and answers questions like these in her new book, *Nationalism and American Catholicism* (Sheed & Ward, $6.). The book is not exhaustive (although footnoted to the point of exhaustion), and other scholars will undoubtedly question her mode of procedure (to what extent do the bishops selected speak for all Catholics, for example?). Nonetheless, Miss Dohen's book is a thought-provoking introduction to a crucial question.

There is no doubt about the position of the Church itself. "Legitimate" patriotism—yes. But nationalism, super-patriotism, the spirit behind the line, "My country, may it always be right. But right or wrong, my country"—that's another question. And what Miss Dohen's book suggests is that excess is due not to some individual aberration on the part of the Cardinal Spellmans large and small, but that nationalism is a built-in attribute of American Catholic life. Not only Cardinal Spellman talks in jingoistic terms, she argues, but such revered and "liberal" figures out of our past as Archbishop John Carroll, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop John Ireland. And to support her point she has assembled some hair-raising episcopal quotations.

The thesis should be understood. It is not argued that the Catholic bishops selected for this study consciously put country before God—not at all. The problem was rather that they seem to have identified their country's cause with God's. To them America was righteous, and her cause just; how, then, could there be any problem? And, of course, if this is so, how could the nation ever stand under Christian judgment?

How could such a situation arise? In part its source can be seen in those attacks on Catholics which charged that their religious beliefs rendered them basically unsympathetic to American political democracy. Bishops like Carroll and Ireland and Gibbons were intent on winning a welcome for the Catholic immigrant; they were determined to show that Catholics were at least as patriotic as anyone else. Thus Archbishop Ireland urged Catholics to seize any opportunity to prove their patriotism and said: "The men most devoted to the institutions of the country, the most ardent lovers of its flag, should be they who believe in Catholic truth, who breathe the air of Catholic sanctuaries."

What this attitude can lead to is readily imagined. Before the Spanish-American war, for example, Cardinal Gibbons preached against "an unrighteous or precipitate war." Yet when war came he said: "Catholics in the United States have but one sentiment. Whatever may have been their opinions as to the expediency of the war, now that it is on they are united in upholding the government." This of course is precisely the worry: do national hierarchies, in the U.S. or Franco Spain or Nazi Germany, support the national cause without hesitation and urge full Catholic participation, to "prove" that we are just as patriotic as everybody else? Do bishops—and their people—worry about opposing the present war in Vietnam for precisely the same reason?

In America the Irish background of so many bishops contributed to the problem. With a background of Irish patriotism, they had long been able to identify their nationalism with their Catholicism. Coming to America, they easily shifted their identification.Furthermore, Miss Dohen argues, although they were able to accept pluralism, they were unable to accept the fact that America was truly secular. They gave to the nation the aura of the sacred, thus eliminating the idea that it stands under the judgment of God. Nationalism, "the acceptance of the nation as the ultimate arbiter of human affairs," was the almost inevitable result.

Miss Dohen draws on Herberg and his idea of the religion of the American Way of Life to argue further that in a pluralistic society nationalism and religion form an amalgam that substitutes for a common religion. It is toward this fusion of nationalism and religion, she says, that the people look for their source of unity and for the symbols that affirm their common identity. Our conviction of national mission, of being a chosen people, is at once political and religious, and in this sense we have had a common religion since the time of our founding. Such religion, though, is completely emptied of specific religious content and put at the service of nationalism. The hard question Miss Dohen's book raises then is this: to what extent is such religion Catholic or Christian in any way? The Church in Germany failed to face this question; there would obviously be less excuse for us in the United States to make the same mistake.

JAMES O'GARA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DAWN, THE TOTEM, THE DRUMS

African literature in the grip of harsh realities

WILFRED CARTEY

The new dawning of modern African literature is unknown to many; and even those who have been exposed to it respond quizzically and often patronizingly, fail to see the great oral tradition by which it has been nourished and do not apprehend the continuity of its development. This lack of comprehension and sympathy is evident in articles recently written in the New York *Times* and *The Partisan Review,* by three western intellectuals: the English writer, Anthony Burgess, Lloyd Garrison, who is the New York *Times'* African correspondent, and Susan Sontag, the popular writer-philosopher.

To be sure, the African oral literary tradition did undergo change under European colonialism; but an element of continuity persists. And the new African literature now flowering so abundantly is not only based on the old oral traditions but treats with their changing nature and with the ambiguity consequent on change.

The writers, whose positions vary from dock worker to governor, from messenger to state president, and who come from diverse parts of Africa—from Nigeria in the West to Kenya in the East, from the Cameroun to Malewe, from Ghana and the Congo, from South Africa and Senegal—all in one form or another explore the intra-historical dimension of tradition and the spontaneous generative force of epochs. In particular, that dawn which saw the first coming of the Europeans to Africa is for the writers no simple dawn but is charged with layered meaning; it becomes an apocalypse. That morning which saw the beginnings of European cultural imposition and the quickening of change; that morning was fraught with danger for the spiritual protector of the African writer, for his totem.

WILFRED CARTEY *teaches African literature at Columbia and is the author of* The West Indies *(Thomas Nelson & Sons).*

one morning
one clear morning
no more totems and their parrots
one morning
one clear morning
no more leaves anywhere
and seven rivers with lost waves
flowed away into the distance

Thus the Congolese poet, Felix Tchikaya U'Tamsi decries in his volume of poems, *Brushfire,* the loss of his totem, the loss of his heritage. The young Senegalese novelist Cheikh Hanidou Kane, former governor of the Region of the Thies, in his novel *Ambiguous Adventure,* recreates the feeling of ambiguity which besets many protagonists in African literature and writes also of the clash which brought it about: "Strange dawn! The morning of the Occident in black Africa was strangled over with smiles, with cannon shots, with shining glass beads. Those who had no history were encountering those who carried the world on their shoulders. It was a morning of accouchement. The known world was enriching itself by a birth that took place in mire and blood."

Yet for the Congolese poet U'Tamsi, "It is not enough to recreate the rape" and even though he was called "dirty-wog" on the point of writing the "Poem of his life," the "river remains, and the rainbow." Perhaps for Anglo-Saxon writers, it is only the colors of the rainbow that should arc together in literature to form the illusion of beauty. In Anthony Burgess' article, "The Writer's Purpose," written after his encounter at Long Island University with writers from many of the emerging areas of the world, he disclaims his own personal religious beliefs. Yet he accepts a Christian sort of guilt ("we all have enough to be guilty about") and seems to seek a kind of religious purification in art. "The blessedness of art," for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him "lies in its being conceived in joy."

Perhaps he is thinking of the exhilaration of the act of creativity. The Nigerian poet, Gabriel Okara, in his poem "Spirit of the Wind," might suggest that Burgess and writers like Burgess can conceive in joy because they are creating "beyond the gods' confining hand." They are the "white storks"—"Spirits of the wind, they go north and west and east, instinct guiding." Yet he, Okara, and others who create out of ambivalence and anguish may reject the notion that art is conceived in joy because, as Okara continues:

> But willed by the gods
> I'm sitting on this rock
> Watching them come and go
> From sunrise to sundown, with the spirit
> Urging within . . .
>
> O God of the gods and me,
> shall I not heed
> this prayer-bell call, the noon
> angelus, because my stork is caged
> in Singed Hair and Dark Skin?

For it was the morning of accouchement, the rape which caused the African presence to be absent for so many centuries from the mainstream of world culture. Even when African culture was present, it was simply deemed a primitive leaven to ferment European culture. In 1904 the exhibition of African sculpture at Trocadero Museum in Paris signalled the beginning of "primitivism in art." Picasso's "Tête Nègre" appeared in 1907. African art and sculpture began to influence many European modes of artistic expression. Still, African sculpture was considered by many as merely an ethnological addendum to museum collections.

Even though, in the second decade of the twentieth century, African rhythms were used by composers such as Stravinsky, for a long time African music was thought of merely as something exotic drumming through the night. Jazz had swung up from New Orleans and crossed into Europe and in the '30s Duke Ellington also crossed over and toured Europe. In the thirties, too, Leopold Sedar Senghor, poet-president of Senegal, must have heard the Duke play and wrote in his poem "Ndessa" or "Blues": "Just play me your Solitude, Duke, till I cry myself to sleep."

Now in 1966, this same Duke, according to Lloyd Garrison, "dominated" the first week of the recent World Festival of Negro Arts at Dakar. What is of interest here is that Garrison saw Duke Ellington's performance at the Festival only in terms of the Cold War and opposed the American Duke to the Russian Yevtushenko. He failed to grasp the essential nature of the continuity of the African presence in music. Negritude, a concept developed also in the thirties, which Garrison saw as the divisive factor in the Festival, was the continuing force which gave birth to this Festival three decades later. Josephine Baker, who captivated Parisian audiences with her African rhythms and dances in the thirties also stretched across decades and continued to capture audiences at this Festival. Lloyd Garrison refers to her as "still svelte." The poet of negritude, David Diop, perhaps might hymn her in such terms:

> Negress, my warm rumor of Africa . . .
> By new tempos and more secular rhythms . . .
> You are the dance of giddyness.
> By the magic of loins
> Restarting the world . . .
> You are the dance
> And the myths burn around me . . .
> In great fires of joy in the heaven of your steps.
> You are the dance and burn false
> Gods in your vestial flame.

Despite these signs of continuing vitality, the validity of African art is still doubted by many and African writing is thought to be almost non-existent. Let us hear how one of America's young intellectuals, writing of a PEN Conference in Yugoslavia, puts it:"In all honesty, how much writing of high quality is there in Asia and Africa? How far can the notion of a writer be stretched? . . . it still remains true that the kind of things European writers can say to African and Asian writers must be vaguer, less concretely about literature, than those Europeans, American, and Latin American writers can say to each other." (Susan Sontag, *Partisan Review,* Winter, 1966.)

These three writers, Burgess, Garrison, and Sontag, meeting with artists and writers from many disparate parts of the globe seem unable to extend their vision to take in what the latter are doing. Small wonder then, that Leopold Senghor hid his totem, his Africanness in his innermost self: "I must hide him in my innermost veins/The Ancestor whose stormy hide is shot with lightning and thunder/My animal protector, I must hide him/That I may not break the barriers of scandal . . . "

For some time Senghor had hidden his totem. But the "river remains, and the rainbow," and African literature is bursting forth with quickening energy and aesthetic power. Now the poet can sing of his traditions and recall his heritage. Since tradition has its continuity through the ancestors and since the dead are a part of this continuity and always close at hand, he will sing of the dead and his ancestors in round, rhythmical tones.

> Listen to the voice of the ancients of Elissa. Like we, exiled,
> They did not want to die, lest their seminal flood be lost in the sand.
> Let me listen in the smoky hut for the shadowy visit of propitious souls,
> My head on your breasts glowing, like a kuskus ball smoking out of the fire,
> Let me breathe the smell of our dead, let me contemplate and repeat their living voice, let me learn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To live before I sink, deeper than the diver, into the lofty depth of sleep.

The poet does not have to create an illusion. He draws on his natural world and creates a thing of beauty,

Femme nue, femme noire
Vêtue de ta couleur qui est vie, de ta forme qui est beauté!
Femme nue, femme noire
Je chante ta beauté qui passe, forme que je fixe dans l'Eternel
Avant que le Destin jaloux ne te reduise en cendres pour nourrir les racines de la vie.

and asks that a missing dimension be added to the steel girders of technological societies:

New York! I say to you: New York let black blood flow into your blood
That it may rub the rust from your steel joints, like an oil of life,
That it may give to your bridges the bend of buttocks and the suppleness of creepers.

That synthesis of elements for which Senghor pleads produces those vital tensions which vibrate in the works of the Yoruba novelist Amos Tutuola. Tutuola penetrates the universal mythic and fuses together the folkloric tradition of Africa, the ontological structure of the Yoruba and the material elements derived from the West. He recreates the Regions of the Dead and the creatures and ghosts of the African bush where there are Television-handed Ghosts and towns of the Multi-colored where the Mono-colored are not welcome and where Complete Gentlemen roam at will to snare unwitting maidens:

"I could not blame the lady for following . . . the complete gentleman to his house at all. Because if I were a lady, no doubt I would follow him to wherever he would go, and still as I was a man I would jealous him more than that, because if this gentleman went to the battle field, surely, enemy would not kill him or capture him and if bombers saw him in a town which was to be bombed, they would not throw bombs on his presence, and if they did throw it, the bomb itself would not explode until this gentleman would leave the town, because of his beauty." (Tutuola, *The Palm Wine Drunkard.*)

Tutuola draws on African oral traditions for the structure of his novels and transmutes African myth by his imagination. Other writers do not recreate the traditional, but represent it. Another Nigerian novelist, Chinua Achebe, young, university trained, articulates the life patterns of his tribe, the Ibo of Nigeria and in his first novel shows how his hero achieves tragic stature even as his clan falls apart. Throughout the novel, *Things Fall Apart,* we are presented with the shivering of tightening bows whose very tautness and tightness eventually cause them to snap. The tightened bows are presented in the character of the hero Okonkwo and in the taut structure of Umofia and the Ibo clan. It is the play of Okonkwo's character acting on the society and the society on Okonkwo which constitute the vital elements of Achebe's novel.

Achebe incorporates the proverb into his style in such a way that his characters, taut situations, and general theme, all function around and are presented through proverbs. Early in the novel, Achebe presents the custom of speaking in proverbs: "Among the Ibo, the art of conversation is regarded very highly, and proverbs are the palm-oil with which words are eaten." Here the author presents a new fact, explains something, and adds a literary dimension in an African image. Or to explain his good fortune and an act of generosity, Okonkwo uses the following proverb: "I cannot live on the banks of a river and wash my hands with spittle."

It is the use of African imagery, capturing the local psychology through known symbols and images, which gives a literature its distinctive regional form and most clearly defines it as African or national literature. The use of imagery that is easily recognizable to an African mind gives new African writing a distinctive stamp. The use of the locust image by an East African poet, David Rubadiri, who was his country's first Ambassador to the U. N., is based on the immediate and actual experiences of African life. This observation is demonstrated sharply when a prose passage from Chinua Achebe's *Things Fall Apart* is juxtaposed with segments of David Rubadiri's poem, "An African Thunderstorm," where the gathering of storm clouds is described in the imagery and mood of the descent of locusts.

And then quite suddenly a shadow fell on the world, and the sun seemed hidden behind a thick cloud . . . But almost immediately a shout of joy broke out in all directions, and Umofia, which had dozed in the noonday haze, broke into life and activity. "Locusts are descending," was joyfully chanted everywhere, and men, women and children left their work or their play and ran into the open to see the unfamiliar sight. . . . And then appeared on the horizon a slowly-moving mass like a boundless sheet of black cloud driftying towards Umofia.

From the west
Clouds came hurrying with the wind
Turning
Sharply
Here and there
Like a plague of locusts
Whirling
Tossing up things on its tail
Like a madman chasing nothing

In the village
Screams of delighted children
Toss and turn
In the din of whirling wind,
Women—
Babies clinging on their backs—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dart about
In and out
Madly . . .
. . . the pelting march of the storm.

But many African writers do not only recreate or represent the traditional. They question and sometimes criticize the values of their societies which are caught in the process of change from tradition to modernity. Chinua Achebe's fourth work is a novelistic critique of the elements which may have gone into the making of the recent Nigerian coup. Wole Soyinka, the Nigerian poet-dramatist who was jailed, perhaps for expressing his ideas about the confused political situation in the Western region prior to the coup, often criticizes and satirizes mores which seem outmoded, jaded and pretentious. Of a younger generation, Soyinka may criticize his "elders" but the imagery in which he couches his criticism is drawn from Africa. Garrison quotes him as expressing his view of negritude at the recent Dakar Festival: "The duiker antelope does not try to prove his duikritude, you will know him by his elegant leap." (New York *Times*, April 24, 1966.)

The loss of tradition is recalled in tones of anguish by the Senegalese writer Kane in his novel *Ambiguous Adventure* mentioned earlier. The Night of the Koran is the night in which the hero Sambo Diallo, steeped in Koranic tradition, is reciting for the last time that tradition and feels its ultimate loss: "Sambo Diallo . . . slowly recited the prelude to the Night of the Koran . . . knowing that on this enchanted night he was repeating for his father . . . what from generation to generation through centuries the sons of the Diallobe had repeated for their fathers . . . knowing that he had not failed in this respect and that he was about to prove to all who were listening that the Diallobe would not die in him, from all this, there was a moment when Samba Diallo was on the point of fainting . . . For it seemed to him that this night marked an end. This scintillation of the heavens above his head, was it not the star-studded bolt being drawn upon an epoch that had run its course? Behind that bolt a world of stellar light was gently glowing, a world which it was important to glorify one last time."

It is this break-up of the traditional, the movement of people from rural areas to urban centers and the consequent complexities of urban life which are the motifs of the many African city-novels.

Cyprian Ekwensi, the Nigerian novelist, is one of the writers who captures the multifarious and as yet shifting urban surfaces in his novels *People of the City* and *Jagua Nana*. He sees the task of the African writer in the following way: "The fiction-writer is the only man who can interpret the African to himself and to the rest of the world. . . . he searches the soul as no one else can. Who else can search the soul of the African but the African himself?"

The soul of the people, the relationship of the people to their social circumstances and to the land of Africa is probed in many of the autobiographical novels. The soul is often equated with Mother—the symbol of Africa. Though varying from novel to novel, the mother figure evinces constant qualities of strength, affection, shrewd practicality and possessiveness where the son is concerned.

"You who were the first to open my eyes to the wonders of the earth, how I should love to be beside you once again." Camara Laye of Guinea sets the tone for *Enfant noir* in this dedication, a harkening back to an African childhood, regret for the fields, rivers, and banks of pale sand. "Black woman . . . thank you for all you have done for me, your son . . . I am thinking of you." His thoughts flow backwards in time and become charged with lovely pictures. Written in nostalgia *Enfant noir* recaptures through a rigid process of romantic selection, only the lovely parts of the past.

Other writers depict the harsher encounter. The novel of the Kenyan, James Ngugi, *Weep Not Child,* does not tell of sweet, nostalgic memories of the *Enfant noir,* but rather shows the deepening despair and loss of hope of its young hero caught in the pressures of the Mau Mau uprising. The overtones of this novel are those of impending disaster. The style quickens, pacing the growing doom.

In *Down Second Avenue,* Ezekiel Mphahlele shows the crushing monotony of his South African childhood. In Marabastad, one of the townships where Mphahlele lived, life is harsh. It is difficult to live; home conditions are disrupted. There is dripping ice water, and rats crawl across the backs of people lying crowded in the same room. The bells pound out the curfew: "Saturday night, and it's ten to ten. I can hear the big curfew bell at the police station peal 'ten to ten, ten to ten, ten to ten,' for the Black man to be out of the streets, to be at home, to be out of the policeman's reach. Year after year every night the sound of the bell floats in the air at ten minutes to ten and the Black man must sleep or have a night special permit."

For many African writers caught in the harsh grip of social and political realities, the bells may pound out a curfew. For many African writers, as for J. H. Kwabena Nketia ("The Poetry of Drums"), the talking drums peal out, calling:

Talking drums, if you have been away,
I am calling you; they say come
I am learning; let me succeed.
Wood of the drum, Tweneboa Akwa,
Wood of the drum, Tweneboa Kodina,
Wood of the drum, Kodina Twenedino,
Cedar wood if you have been away,
I am calling you; they say come.
I am learning, let me succeed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AESCHYLUS I'M MAYBE NOT

WARREN COFFEY

"When I began to write, one assumed inevitably that one was in the mainstream that began with Aeschylus and went through about 2500 years of playwriting." Arthur Miller in the *Paris Review*.

(The *Prometheus Bound* as it might have been written by Mr. Arthur Miller.)

All the action in this play takes place in the mind of Random Sample, a world-famous playwright. At curtain, we see him impaled on a subpoena and hanging from the face of the M.C.A. Building, where he remains throughout. From time to time he seems to rotate, perhaps in response to the movement of the spheres, perhaps only on his Sears Revolving Charge. This is a symbol and should be left open. A melody is heard played on a street-organ. It is small and fine, telling of fresh-baked bread in the house, and spring, and the Wagner Act.

Mother: The night you was born son, I seen a star. The whole sky danced. Even your father, John Greenleaf Whittier he's not, says to me, "Geez, lookit the moon between the buildings." I seen you as a great artist maybe —who knows? a top man in gall stones, a scholarship to Columbia Law? Whaddya doin' to your father and me up there, Random?

Random Sample (*He is tall, powerfully male. He does an isometric contraction before answering.*): Until yesterday I swear to God I thought I was building something with this firm, ma. Today I'm out on the street. Economic determinism, I-Thou, alienation, who knows? The auditors came.

Father: You mean you been knockin' down on the firm, kid? Where did we fail you? When I ain't got for next month's rent I buy you a pair of shoulder guards, Y. A. Tittle should own this model, $7.95 at Spalding's. I seen you as a wingback for the Yale eleven. You take out this college girl has a box on the mid-field stripe her father is the top coronary man in the country. Drive her behind a bush, sell her a insurance policy, at twenty-one you got a piece of the Chrysler Building. Have I been a bad father to you, Random?

Random Sample: Perhaps I can indicate the basic elements of this tragedy by saying it's the story of a boy with a headful of dreams about human mutuality under the sky. He is making twelve, maybe seventeen a week with the firm. Not even walking-around money, and the kid is starting to move in better circles. So he starts taking a little here, a little there from the Odets account. Not enough to matter he tells himself, as the full loathsomeness of an anti-social action has not as yet entered his boy's comprehension. Besides, it's for the Party and for . . . Hulga!

(*At this point, Hulga comes in on an imported bicycle, no-hands. She wears a lab coat and sensible shoes.*)

Hulga: Is there anything I can do for you, Random, anything?

Random Sample (*sensing her mystery*): Send a change-of-address to the *New Republic*.

Hulga: Somehow it seems so little, Random, for once we had so much together! Long nights of boy-girl talk, warm and rich and laughingly inventive as life itself. You dictated *Collected Plays*. Random, I bless!

Random Sample (*rotating*): And I loved your transcription, Hulga. For it was small and fine, telling of summer and the dream and upward mobility. You were the first to see where I had gone beyond Ibsen, and I cherished your clear-eyed talk. We'll always have that, Hulga.

Hulga: No, that's where it started to go wrong between us. I didn't fully understand until the night you dictated *The Misfits*, the beautiful, sensitive, and compassionate story of what a man can feel for his horse. Suddenly I knew you weren't seeing me as a person.

Random Sample: I remember. You said, "Random, I'm going into analysis." Was that the way to walk out on a man after what we had together? You were my foundation and my support.

Hulga (*striving for joy*): I kept reading about these writers like Lord Byron and hoping our relationship would develop. In three years, you never even put a hand on my brassiere. Random, a woman has *needs!*

Random Sample (*plumbing her mystery*): Yes, I see it now, Hulga—I-Thou, a plan somewhere, a duty in the sky, a possible spring among the rock, a human no to Taft-Hartley!

Hulga: I'll always bless you, Random! (*levitates*)

Mother: Little better than a street-walker. I always said, Random, for you she was wrong. Meantime I brought some Vick's for that pain in your side.

Random Sample (*Laughing the artist-devil's carefree laugh*): The wound you speak of, ma, though concealed by my rich yet tasteful business suit, is such as not to be healed even by all the terrible urgency of a mother's

WARREN COFFEY, *novelist and critic, teaches English Literature at the University of San Francisco.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

love, for it is as old and as deep as mankind himself in his ancient defiance of the interests in whatever form they take as governed by local economic conditions at any given time and place.

Mother: You got a heartburn maybe, Random?

Father: Vick's Vapo-Rub, heartburn—you are perhaps Dr. Spock? What the kid needs is important contacts. What is the exact rap anyway? As I see the case so far, they got the boy for not curbing his dog. So there has been some breakage in the Odets account? I am known personally to some very big people downtown. Say the word, and I begin to put out feelers.

Random Sample: Perhaps I can indicate the basic elements of this tragedy by saying it's the story of a boy with a headful of dreams about upward mobility under the sky. Only his name is not worth fourteen cents at the box-office, and the kid is not getting younger. He starts dipping into the Ibsen account, and suddenly he can't stop. He takes a lot of Brecht too and then some Chekhov, thinking to bring tone to his operation. At this point the auditors come.

Father: I thought we were talking about lunch money and the boy describes an international cartel. Nonetheless, I will try to reach the Big Guy. Meantime my advice to you is be quiet, fine, and tasteful.

(*At this point, the Big Guy arrives in a bullet-proof Hispano-Suiza. He is God, Daryl F. God, president of M.C.A. He carries a polo-mallet, and his necktie glows the message of an old dream of human mutuality under the sky, "Kiss Me in the Dark, Baby."*)

Mother (*to Random Sample*): Make a nice impression, darling. Be sure you don't perspire too much.

Random Sample: The banking interests of the East can never break a man who has worked with his hands and laughs under the sky, ma. (*Then to Daryl F. God*:) What's on your mind, pardner?

Daryl F. God (*burning hundred-dollar bills understatedly*): Kid, you are breeding a scab on your ass. Ever since we lend you out for the script at Metro you talk like Willis S. Hart.

Father: That's the way I brought 'em all up, D.F., rugged, well-liked, all-around, you know.

Mother: The boy also has an excellent penmanship.

Daryl F. God: I am not a vindictive man, lady. All we are asking at this time is restitution.

Father: If I interpret your point then, D.F., the subpoena can be quashed and the kid does not do no more time.

Daryl F. God: We watch him over the years and he has a nice style. Only he begins to think he is God or something and we do not see him moving tickets on that scale is all. Besides by now we have too heavy of a investment in the property.

Mother: Come down from there, Random; this is a nice man.

Father: Return the kale, kid; make an old man happy.

Random Sample: No, the deliverance I await is from on high. Though Aeschylus I'm maybe not, mine is a tragedy as timeless as mankind himself only couched in an idiom as contemporary as the Stalin-Ribbentrop Pact or the ball-point pen and telling of a kid from humble origins who defies the interests and awaits his vindication by higher authority . . . a ransom in the sky somehow! . . . a call from Lincoln Center! . . . a cable from Stockholm!

(*A clap of thunder. Everybody turns into a moderate Republican except Random Sample, who turns into a ball-point pen.*)

'Not a matter of words but of simple endurance'

THE JEWS OF SILENCE

DANIEL STERN

The scene is Moscow in 1965. The style is one of apocalyptic madness. It could easily be from a work of fiction by Elie Wiesel, the novelist prophet of the European holocaust. In the streets outside of the Moscow synagogue crowds of Jews—young, old and in-between—are dancing and singing. It is the last night of Sukkoth, the Simcath Torah, the celebration of the law. "A girl strummed her guitar and sang a Yiddish folk song, 'Buy my cigarettes and take pity on a poor orphan.' A few steps away a boy played *Heivenu Shalom Aleichem* on the accordion. Still another group was hotly debating Judaism and Israel. 'I am a communist!' a young student shouted. I asked him what he was doing here. 'I am also a Jew.' A chorus of voices chants a series of questions and answers.

'Who are we?'

'Jews!'

'What are we?'

'Jews!'

DANIEL STERN *is the author of the newly published novel,* After the War *(Putnam).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'What shall we remain?'
'Jews!' "

The scene is impossible, clearly. Everyone knows that in Russia, Jewish life, Jewish education, Jewish observance has been, if not wiped out, then certainly reduced to a bare minimum. What then can have happened to Jewish sensibility and individuality, let alone to the Jews themselves under the Soviet rule?

To find the answer to this question Elie Wiesel, the Hungarian-born novelist (who writes in French, Hebrew, and Yiddish) made a pilgrimage to Russia in 1965. What he found is a series of difficult truths recorded in a brief, haunting book: *The Jews of Silence* (*Holt, Rinehart,* $4.95). No easy answers—nothing to completely please a fervent Zionist or an anti-Semite—or any of the many gray areas in between. One undeniable fact, however, comes through with absolute clarity: in a Jewish population that has been denied the tools, techniques, and freedoms of Jewish observance, there is a continuing, almost irrational insistence on remaining Jewish.

Wiesel's method was simple. He visited no high officials, either Jewish or Soviet. Instead, he chose to seek out the Jew who would, perhaps standing on a street corner, tell him of his own personal condition, as a man, as a Russian, and, most of all, as a Jew. And if there were nothing to tell about the last—then that, too, would be a statement.

As it turned out, there was much to tell. A man on the sidewalk in front of the Moscow synagogue: "Do you know what is happening to us? . . . We are nearing the end . . . Impossible to give details . . . If I am being watched I will pay for this conversation. . . ." But there were others who *did* give details, sometimes less dramatically, other times pure melodrama: whispers and fevered handclasps in crowds, notes slipped into pockets.

In spite of the demonstration of a very real fear that is apparently still part of Jewish existence in post-Stalin Russia, the author has not been seduced into simplistic attitudes. Against the fear he places the undeniable fact of a real upsurge of interest in Judiasm among the young people. The truth lies somewhere between. Clearly Jewish lives are not in immediate danger. No one executes writers or artists; a man is not imprisoned for speaking Yiddish on the street. There are no pogroms. It is a long way from Nicholas II or Stalin.

Nevertheless, in a thousand daily ways, it is made difficult and painful to be a Jew, in Russia, today. In Kiev, for example, out of the three hundred synagogues and *shtiblach* (prayer rooms) Kiev once had, only one remains open. Jews are periodically imprisoned for Zionist-nationalist activity or on suspicion of having committed "economic crimes."

"Our sense of isolation is a compound of several elements," a professor told the author, "From the Russian point of view we are considered second-class citizens, living on the fringes of society." He went on to state that the new regime had made life easier . . . but the new freedoms reach the Jews in truncated form. The few synagogues are riddled with informers. (I flinched at this—yet two days later I read in the New York *Times* of a Russian Jew who was arrested as a spy for the Israel-Zionist conspiracy. The accusation stated that he had his meetings with Israeli diplomats in the Moscow synagogue. Whether the charge is true or false, an informer would seem to be indicated.) A Russian who comes from the Ukraine has the word *Ukrainian* stamped on his passport. A Jew from the Ukraine has the word *Jew* stamped on his passport. Thus an official point of view is expressed.

So far: many disturbing facts, but no surprises. The authentic surprise (to the author, as well) lay in the deliberate resurgence of Jewish sensibility . . . particularly among the young. Pressing towards the truth of this startling situation, Wiesel asked one Jew a question that rings with the mystery of the diaspora. "You don't know Hebrew, you've never learned Jewish history, you don't fulfill the commandments, and you don't believe in the God of Israel—in what way are you a Jew?"

The man answered, "Apparently you live in a country where Jews can afford the luxury of asking questions. Things are different here. It's enough for a Jew to call himself a Jew. It's enough to fulfill one commandment or to celebrate one Jewish day a year. With us, being Jewish is not a matter of words, but of simple endurance. Not of definition but of existence. If my son were to ask me one day what a Jew is, I would tell him that a Jew is one who knows when to ask questions and when to give answers . . . and when to do neither."

A young Jewish girl in Moscow replied that she had learned from textbooks, government pamphlets, and the press that the Jewish religion was based on outdated values, that the Jewish people was made up of capitalists and swindlers, and that the state of Israel was aggressive, racist, and imperialist. Yet she chose to think of herself as a Jew. "It's what we think of ourselves that matters," she said. Then she added mockingly: "I'll tell you why I'm Jewish. Because I like to sing." One young man said he chose to be Jewish because *they* don't want us to be. "We are Jews for spite." The anti-Semites have apparently replaced the Rabbis as perpetuators of Jewish identity.

The results of Elie Wiesel's extraordinary Odyssey lead to the final basic question of Jewish survival in history. How is it possible in the secular streets of the Soviet Union, a state that has been trying to purge itself of Jewishness for decades, to hear youthful voices crying out in the street. (as Wiesel heard on Simcath Torah): *David, King of Israel, lives and endures!* And cried out, at that, in a Hebrew they understand little or not at all.

Wiesel gives no answer. Rather—and more importantly—he gives us the question. It is ours to live with. I will not attempt an answer, either. Only a partial suggestion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Consider: the Jew has always been emblematic to the gentile. That is to say, he has always represented something more than himself. The money-man. (the international capitalist). The diabolical cabalist poisoning wells and drinking the blood of gentile babies in older times—or the decadent conspirators of the Protocols of Zion poisoning the purity of the German nation, in modern times. And, among the latest, the 'rootless cosmopolitans' of Khrushchev's famous accusation . . . the unreliables, the trans-nationals who owe no loyalty to country, crown, or party—loyal only to each other. And, above all, the people who consider themselves chosen by God. These are only the negatives. But the myth of the Jew also includes the everlasting thinker, the people of the word and the Book, guardians of learning, inventors of modern science and humanism via Freud, Marx, and Einstein. Conflicting opinions always characterize the emblematic; the mythic.

But what of the effect of all this on the Jew, himself. If you apply to me so many characteristics, so many drives, so many mysterious factors that, taken all in all, can be summed up in no lesser word than: *destiny,* what am I to think? Perhaps a recurrent sense of destiny *becomes*, precisely, that destiny. Even if it is only a destiny to be a Jew no matter what.

(Every Jew knows that he did not kill God. Yet the primitive distinction of the accusation of deicide may play a part in his continuing sense of isolation in the Christian world.)

What I am suggesting is the possibility that the Jew is forced to choose himself, as a Jew, over and over again—often against his will—because he is never allowed to choose any one of the identities available to others. This is, I think, a continuing mystery. The Russian Jews have no Yiddish language, speak no Hebrew, have few synagogues, are forbidden matzohs on Passover, and their children have little knowledge of their people's history—yet they insist on being Jews. They are, I believe, the latest stanza in the mysterious poem that began to be written over five thousand years ago outside the city of Ur.

A BEATLE METAPHYSIC

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

ETC.

Within ten years, rock-and-roll will be part of the modern college's curriculum. The only deterrents to immediate academic recognition are its name and its commercial success. Another, more generic title will have to be found or coined (movies had to be called "film" before they gained universal acceptance); "pop," "beat," "rock"—these words just wouldn't look right in a college catalogue. And a few rock-and-roll artists (for the first time the word is being used seriously) will have to start losing money; this will prompt foundation grants and give the art form a starving-genius-in-his-garret tone that elicits sympathy and support.

By the time today's pre-teeny-boppers get to college, they will be able to choose one of at least three areas of concentration: The Early Years (1954-'59), The Dark Ages ('60-'63), and the Renaissance and Beyond ('64-on). More specific courses will examine the contributions of Rhythm-&-Blues, Country-&-Western, Rock Auteurs (Phil Spector, Brian Wilson, Berry Gordy, Burt Bacharach) and Rock Metaphysicians (Paul Simon, Bob Dylan, Donovan Leitch, Stephen Stills). Even the arcane fields will be covered: European Rock 1954-'64, The Rock Disc-Jockey, Underground Music. . . .

This prediction may not be as farfetched as it seems, for rock-and-roll already has its guitar neck in the classroom door. Dylan's and Simon's lyrics are being studied in English Lit courses. Swarthmore's recent College Rock-and-Roll Festival oozed enough seriousness of purpose to fill a week-end Air Pollution Conference. And the Eric Bentley and *Tulane Drama Review* of rock have emerged in the persons of Richard Goldstein (pop critic for *The Village Voice* and the New York *World Journal Tribune Telegram American Herald & Sun*) and *Crawdaddy* magazine. A recent issue of *Crawdaddy* presented Richard Meltzer's surprisingly funny parody of the pretentious writing on rock-and-roll we can expect once the movement receives academic acceptability. Here is a sample:

"Teilhard de Chardin's philosophy of education as expounded in *The Phenomenon of Man* is readily visible in the eclecticism of rock. Just as branches of life strive for continuation, sometimes to succeed and sometimes to reach a dead end, with nature always using a multiplicity of interrelated strivings in its drive toward the 'Omega Point,' rock 'n' roll is clearly viewable in terms of crude existence."

And:

"When the Dave Clark Five produced its revival of the Contours' 'Do You Love Me,' they strongly emphasized the phrase, 'Watch me now!' What to the Contours meant the observation of the lamenter's dancing, 'now that I can dance,' is to the D. C. Five a metaphor of universal nascent consciousness."

The humor was all the more surprising for being unintentional.

The provocateurs of rock-and-roll's respectability kick are, of course, the Beatles. When, in February 1964, the boys first appeared in America, preceded by a $50,000 publicity outlay by Capitol Records, few perceived (or even heard) the music behind the mania. Later, after their film *A Hard Day's Night* won the intellectuals' attention, people began noticing modal progressions in their music and well-expressed observations in their lyrics. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last two years have seen Adult Beatlemania bloom. Bobby Kennedy has long hair and Ravi Shankar will soon be teaching sitar courses at CCNY.

In the process the Beatles have dropped their choirboy image, launched on the cover of their first American LP and promoted in songs like "P.S. I Love You," "She Loves You," "And I Love Her." (Here we except George Harrison, surly from the first. The songs he wrote and sang bore the titles "Don't Bother Me," "You Like Me Too Much," "Think for Yourself" and "If I Needed Someone," the last with the suggestion: "carve your number on my wall,/and maybe you will get a call from me.") In the last year, though, their musical topics have included drugs ("Yellow Submarine"), masturbation (I'm Only Sleeping") and sexual cynicism ("Baby You Can Drive My Car"—the reference is a bit more obvious in England, where the stick shift prevails).

But the Beatles aren't simply getting gamier; their songs have improved tremendously. Each succeeding album has had fewer mediocre cuts. *A Hard Day's Night, For Sale* and *Help!* (featuring the astounding "Yesterday") deepened the group's exploration of pop horizons; *Rubber Soul* broadened it. *Revolver,* their latest LP, made startling new gains, and their latest single, "Penny Lane" and "Strawberry Fields Forever," has consolidated those gains.

"Penny Lane" melds the terse, insightful observations of "Eleanor Rigby," sound effects à la "Yellow Submarine," the strong shuffle beat of "Good Day Sunshine," the poignant trumpet featured on "For No One" and the cheerfully strident brass background of "Got to Get You Into My Life" (all songs from *Revolver*) into a Breughelesque word-portrait of English suburban life. In addition, Paul McCartney has given each character on Penny Lane a leitmotif: a rolling piano phrase for the village barber, a horn riff for the banker, a clanging bell for the fireman. There's not much excitement in the town: the song's muted climax comes when the fireman rushes into the barbershop to tell the townspeople that the rain has ruined his fire-engine's polish. "Very strange," the narrator comments, but also very melancholy and haunting. "Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes"—and because of McCartney's artistry, it will stay there.

"Strawberry Fields Forever" marks a large step forward from the Beatles' first, rather clumsy attempt at expressing a psychedelic experience through music, "Tomorrow Never Knows" (on *Revolver*). It succeeds magnificently, and is to acid music what Antonioni's *Blow-Up* is to LSD films, an evocation of the experience that is also a comment on it. In fact, the song can be seen as the group's restatement of *Blow-Up*'s theme; specifically, it relates the sequence in which the photographer tries to convince his friend, at a pot party, to investigate what may be a murdered man lying behind a tree. "Let me take you down, 'cause I'm going to strawberry fields. Nothing is real, and nothing to get hung about. Straw-

Only priests of deep humanity and experience will effectively serve modern man in his discriminating, fast-moving world.

If you, as a mature adult, view present transformations in the Church as a period of golden promise, and if you are willing to dedicate your life to the flowering of this promise, then you belong at

HOLY APOSTLES SEMINARY

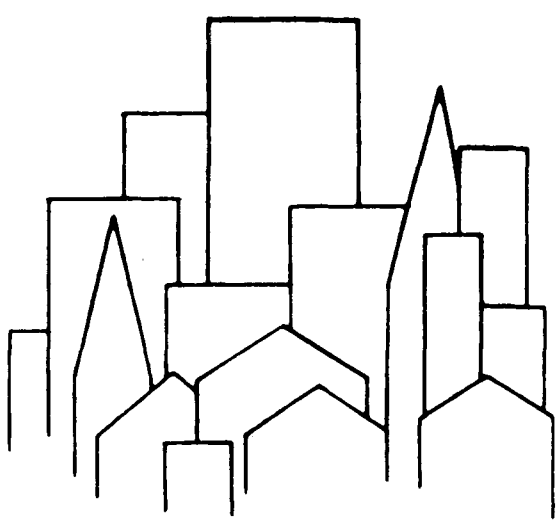
Cromwell, Connecticut

Founded in 1956, ours was the first American college designed specifically and exclusively for adult aspirants to the diocesan and religious clergy. Holy Apostles is conducted by the Missionaries of the Holy Apostles who are specialists of long experience in adult vocation work. Thoroughly post-Conciliar in spirit, curriculum and orientation, the Seminary is fully accredited and offers its own Bachelor of Arts degree. The curriculum includes:

- **Accelerated Latin for Beginners**
- **Two Years of Liberal Arts**
- **Two Years of Philosophy & Social Studies**

Students who are interested in following only one or two sections of our academic program before transfer to their final clerical destinations are welcome, although residence of two years is required. Earliest age for admission is twenty years, and sponsorship by a diocese or religious order is required only for applicants who are forty years of age or over. Individual curricula are worked out to meet the specific needs of each student.

For further information write to:
Dean of Admissions
HOLY APOSTLES SEMINARY
Box 80
Cromwell, Connecticut 06416



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Issues of the Day

As a national journal of opinion expressly committed to discuss public affairs and religion, literature and the arts, Commonweal brings a wide range of man's present-day concerns under its purview. For example, it analyzes such issues as the Vietnam war in itself and in its relationship to the war against poverty and the battle for civil rights; it contrasts North-South and East-West tensions; it examines such church-state problems as federal aid to education and revision of state divorce and abortion laws.

Commonweal brings to its readers each week the considered views of such writers in their various respective fields, as: John Tracy Ellis, Justus George Lawler, Bruce Vawter, Louis Dupré, William Lynch, Ronald Steel, Edward T. Chase, Julian Pleasants, Frank Getlein and Leslie Dewart—as well as its own timely editorials and well-argued letters from readers on current controversies.

At the same time Commonweal regularly provides the topical and provocative comment of its well-known columnists: William V. Shannon, James O'Gara, Robert McAfee Brown, Daniel Callahan, Harvey Cox, William Pfaff and Michael Novak, along with its highly readable, illuminating reviews of books, plays and films of the day.

Your name and address on the attached coupon—or a facsimile—will save you 60% of the single copy price.

----------17 Issues for $2----------

For New Subscribers Only

COMMONWEAL

232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016

Enclosed is $2. Please send the next 17 issues to:

Name .....

Address .....

City, State, Zip .....

☐ I prefer a full year for $9. 5/12/67

berry fields forever!" But as he tries to articulate reasons for going to the field, the photographer slips into a narcotized, indecisive, contradictory slur: "No one, I think, is in my tree. I mean, it must be high or low. That is, you can't, you know, tune in, but it's all right. That is, I think it's not too bad." His mind stops and he repeats the request, which is now a plea: "Let me take you down. . . ." Finally he wavers incoherently between illusion and reality: "Always—no, sometimes—think it's me; but, you know, I know—and it's a dream. I think I know. I mean . . . ah yes, but it's all wrong. That is, I think I disagree."

For the last time he makes the suggestion, perhaps only to himself, and repeats the phrase over and over: "Strawberry fields forever!" The ominously deep background sounds (cello, double-bass, tuned-down guitar, low trumpets) become louder and overwhelm him. Gradually they fade and are replaced by a kind of calliope gone berserk, suggesting the mimes at the end of *Blow-Up*. But the speaker is too high and far away to be brought back to earth by circus noises. "I'm . . . very . . . bored," he mumbles as the calliope fades away and the song ends.

The complexity of these two songs, of most of the Beatles' recent work and, in fact, of much new rock-and-roll, suggests that scholars in the field may have enough material to base any number of monographs upon. But the Beatles' songs, at least, are not just musical cryptograms. They are a delight to listen to, fine for dancing to, and are where all the Love Generation's excitement is, to use a well-known expression, at. RICHARD CORLISS

LAST YEAR AT CINEMABAD

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

THE SCREEN

Far be it from me to suggest that movie makers are copy cats, but I had a feeling when I saw this week's films of having been here before. Not that any of these pictures are duplicates, but they do show the influences of other stories, other styles. This comment is not necessarily derogatory, especially if the new movies are lively and interesting in their own way.

Producer-director Stanley Donen's "Two for the Road" tells a story of a marriage through the years, so don't be surprised if at times it has touches of the contrived cuteness of "The Four Poster" (although "Road" has more than two characters) and the tough bitchiness of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (vulgar language is in style in movies now). Quite different from "Poster" and "Woolf," and their single or few sets, "Two for the Road" really hits the road, showing its two protagonists traveling in France mostly by car. During the course of their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peregrinations we are treated to some fine color photography of exquisite French scenery.

At the picture's beginning we see and hear enough of Joanna and Mark to realize that the couple, well into their 30s, are not too happy about their marriage; and their constant, unpleasant bickering makes us wonder if it's about to come to an end. And then Joanna remembers back some ten years when they first met on the Channel steamer, hitchhiked together, and during their constant companionship inevitably fell in love. They were so young and so merry; their different views on love and life and marriage didn't seem to matter. But now back in the present again and traveling again in France, they are not so young and not nearly so merry. And this leads to another flashback when they first slept together while touring France. And then the present again. And then another flashback. Along about this time, although all the flashbacks are set in France, we realize they are not in consecutive order; and while the flashbacks sometimes have a date to guide us (like the 1960 license on their MG, or the stunning white Mercedes they are traveling in now) we are not always sure when a scene is taking place. Perhaps it doesn't matter. If Donen wants to use the flashback techniques Resnais used in "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" or in "La Guerre Est Finie," let him. What matters is some of the scenes are amusing, some bitter—but they all reveal character.

Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney are fascinating in the lead roles as the loving-and-sparring couple. They don't age very much through the years, but Miss Hepburn is always attractive, even though her wardrobe this time is more down-to-earth and definitely not Givenchy. And Finney, as a struggling then successful architect, is very male, self-centered, and bad tempered, and, interestingly enough, swings into imitations of Bogart every now and then—perhaps just to show he has a lovable side that Audrey can't resist. The story itself is rather thin; but although you're onto it and its finale, the original script written by Frederic Raphael is bright enough to hold your interest. So are the two leads and excellent supporting cast, the handsome scenery, those back and forth flashbacks that almost get to be like a guessing game after awhile, and the film's conclusion which, in spite of some of the racy scenes that precede it, decides in favor of marriage—people being what they are.

I wish one could come to some similar conclusions in regard to "The Sailor from Gibraltar." Made by Tony Richardson, whose poignant "A Taste of Honey" and "The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner" used cinema expertly, this new film is a pretentious and confused affair about an Englishman (Ian Bannen) who throws over his current, pretty, but dull mistress (Vanessa Redgrave) for a very wealthy and sexy French woman (Jeanne Moreau). The trouble with this French gal is that she's somewhat of a nut; she owns an impressive yacht, well stocked with sailors, and she's mainly concerned with finding that sailor from Gibraltar, a murderer incidentally, who was once the love of her life. So the English fellow comes on board and makes the French woman quite happy, but she's still determined to find her favorite lover.

The question is: was there ever such a guy or is he just a myth? The search continues far and wide through Mediterranean ports and even into Africa where Orson Welles and Hugh Griffith turn up in brief scenes.

It is interesting that Richardson, Don Magner, and Christopher Isherwood wrote their flashy and often silly script from a novel by Marguerite Duras who, in turn, wrote "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," which Alain Resnais made into one of the great modern films. It's hard to say where "Sailor" went wrong. Perhaps Richardson, under the influence of Resnais and Antonioni, wanted to play their game without knowing the rules. Richardson never tells us if the sailor is reality or myth or if he's just a symbol for man's restless searching for something—in this case sex. In "Last Year at Marienbad," Resnais never does tell us if the couple had met there. Nor does Antonioni say what happened to the missing girl in "L'Avventura." In any case, Richardson should stick to his last: "Honey," "Loneliness" and "Tom Jones." I hope he never tackles "The Ice Man Cometh."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

The Suspect and Society

Criminal Procedure and Converging Constitutional Doctrines by Walter V. Schaefer

Reconciling the interests of society with the interests of the individual accused or suspected of crime is a problem that has become of increasing concern in recent years. In this book, the author, a Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, deals with the legal problems that cluster about police interrogation. He considers the constitutional doctrines that bear upon interrogation as it has been practiced in the past, and discusses a model code of procedure advanced by the American Law Institute. The proposals offered will be of interest to everyone concerned with the application of our constitutional ideals to our legal institutions.

99 pages $3.50

Northwestern University Press
1735 Benson Avenue
Evanston, Illinois 60201

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Maverick philosophizing on behalf of compassion

The Eighth Day
THORNTON WILDER
Harper & Row, $6.95

GEORGE GREENE

In 1935, When *Heaven's My Destination* appeared, a number of critics howled that Thornton Wilder, doubtless a cultivated man, was nonetheless wrongheaded, even evasive, because he failed to mirror the economic crisis of that decade. In the saga of George Brush he was more drawn to the investigation of one soul. This new novel establishes Mr. Wilder as an investigator on a more ambitious scale than ever. In a decade when our most stylish fiction focuses on the existential fate of individual men, some readers may find trouble with the frame of reference of *The Eighth Day*, its ambitious mating of private biographies and wider issues.

Yet Mr. Wilder gives fair warning. "This is a history," he states flatly, and that one sentence explains both the quality and intent of his first novel since *The Ides of March* (1948), a free account of Julius Caesar which also addressed itself to the way in which imagination might nourish life at large as well as poetry. On the surface level *The Eighth Day* explains the murder of Breckenridge Lansing, an Illinois mining boss, in May of 1902. John Ashley, best friend of the victim, is convicted of the crime. On his way to execution Ashley is spirited away from the train by a disguised posse, swift, silent, hinting at divine intervention. John Ashley makes his way to South America. Subsequent divisions explore the extraordinary events which befall the families of both men, reconstructing en route the marriages and domestic routine of the two central figures.

In this book Mr. Wilder abandons the galloping chronology of *The Skin of Our Teeth*. Now he seeks rather more to define the fundamental constituents of human nature, its *instress* rather than its *inscapes*, those accidents of physical appearance. Mr. Wilder is a classicist: he never neglects revelation by analogue. Thus we are reminded of parallels between John Ashley and Ulysses, who also learned awareness through a perilous journey. It is one sign of Ashley's limits as a boy that he associated himself with Alexander the Great. An engineering student, he stalks a German-American girl from Hoboken whom he wants for a wife with an intensity almost primitive. After college he rejects contact with his own mother and father.

He takes a job in the midwest in order to establish a private Eden with his woman and cubs. "He walked the mile to his place of work like Adam going forth to his daily task of naming the plants and animals." He is tireless in helping others. He is conscientious about the problems of workers while Mr. Lansing, the nominal boss, chases women at local roadhouses. Children confide in John Ashley, women love him, men stand in awe. He possesses a secular faith and a kind of brusque cheerfulness which onlookers might label hope. He lacks that subtler growth of love which, sadly but incontrovertibly, most often results from experience of pain.

By this stage further ramifications of Mr. Wilder's quest come into view. Given the appalling fumbling of most human behavior, the novel asks whether or not some source possessing intelligence has any traffic with man. The question raises the possibility of a peak even higher than any the most adventurous of Mr. Wilder's travelers have surveyed, yet a number of individuals sense some outcropping above the mists. " 'We transmit (we hope),' " says a man of religion to John Ashley's son, " 'fairer things than we can fully grasp.' "

Here as in prior works, theme is strengthened by Mr. Wilder's technical strategy. From time to time he invites us to walk to the rear of the theater and survey the whole stage. The range of references to oceans and stars suggests that he draws his ethics primarily from the constitution of the universe. Similarly he builds portraits of private lives by studying interrelations among members of a family group. This is why we must rest our eyes by staring at domestic apparatus, a dining room for instance, "with its long table and two sideboards bristling with cruets and casters and tureens. . . ." The implication that the Ashleys and the Lansings symbolize permanent human traits is legitimate only because of the rigorous candor with which they are studied. In the most genteel dining rooms there is a deadly war going on. ". . . family life is like that of nations," another speaker makes explicit this bond: "each member battles for his measure of air and light, of nourishment and territory. . . ."

This text climaxes Mr. Wilder's long and persuasive career in education on behalf of compassion as opposed to rampant selfhood. Despite loving glances at turn-of-the-century America (and how superbly that phase is done!), *The Eighth Day* protests against "that greatest of all institutions—a God-fearing American home." We watch a wide expanse of terrain from a high peak. What we see depends not so much on losing ourselves in the flux but rather on using our eyes well. It is no accident that in this novel as well as in *The Cabala*. Wilder's first, the name of John Keats appears. In life as in art the most precious weapon for assessing man's role, risky yet awesome, appears to be skill in grasping the epiphanies of the commonplace.

In Chile John Ashley is asked by some adoring peasants to pray over a dead child. Dumbfounded, he replies by intoning, in English, the Gettysburg Address. He will not admit the content of those nightmares when he walks down "into valleys of nothing." He is only halfway on the journey toward

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conceding the reality of others. One of the most alive of the citizens of Coaltown is a Russian lady, an exile, who is vouchsafed "a glimpse of simplicity—the north star and torment of great art." At another point it is imagination which helps one to translate the speech of those enigmatic Indians who dwell near Coaltown, and who enter so intimately into John Ashley's fate. " 'The Sign of God's way,' " says their patriarch, " 'is that it is strange.' "

Sometimes Mr. Wilder sounds like that maverick philosopher of Coaltown who "talked of serious things in a way that left his listeners puzzled as to whether he was joking or not." But no one knows better than this author how quickly reality tramples those whose only armor is untested idealism. Ultimately the predicament of even the best sons and daughters of Coaltown is like that of the people of Russia, described by one of their countrymen as holding God in their hearts "like a man carrying a lantern under his coat on a stormy night." God created the world in six days: on the seventh He rested. As we stumble through "the eighth day" the image of man, any man, scurrying through a Hawthorne nightscape with an inadequate lantern possesses more than the authority of vividness. It has accuracy as well.

The Soldier's Art

ANTHONY POWELL

Little, Brown, $4.95

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

When we think of the giant attempt to reproduce in fiction the lineaments of a society, we think at once of the French: Balzac, Proust, Malraux. Anthony Powell's already formidable bid to do just that, in the volumes which comprise *The Music Of Time,* is well on its way. His most recent section in that operation, *The Soldier's Art,* is the second of a projected trilogy of war novels, of which the first was *The Valley Of Bones.* The latter dealt almost exclusively with army life, the civilian cast intruding only briefly on the scene.

The basic question in the valley of bones propounds itself in both books: ". . . and, lo, they were very dry. And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live?" Such answer as there may be, pends. As the soldiers' songs, under the dour skies of boredom, reflect a combination of the humorously querulous and the nostalgic, so the tensions rise to climaxes never freed by released passions. Powell, from the trilogy's beginning, has been too drawn by the nuances of frustration, ineffectual idealism, the decency of manners stretched over the chasms of private disaster, to allow any sort of catharsis. The revealing moments incline always toward grotesqueness.

In *The Valley of Bones* Nick, the narrator of both books, observed of Umfraville's narrative, that it was "hard to know what demeanor best to adopt in listening to the story. Tragedy might at any moment give way to farce, so that the listener had always to keep his wits about him." Deliberately, Powell's reader is placed in the same position. What *The Valley of Bones* introduced, the new novel amplifies and deepens. Both books are war novels without war; Powell illustrates that lack of boundary which ties civilian to soldier, and soldier to an army life apparently remote from army death.

In *The Soldier's Art,* the scene is set: "much is behind: Europe overrun; invasion imminent: the blitz opened over London." A descriptive paragraph and a single sentence may serve as metaphor for Powell's design: "As if reacting in deliberately-regulated unison to the searchlights' methodical fluctuations, shifting masses of cloudbank alternately glowed and faded, constantly realigning by that means half a dozen intricately pastelled compositions of black and lilac, gray and saffron, pink and gold. Out of this resplendent firmament—which, transcendentally speaking seemed to threaten imminent revelation from on high—slowly descended like Japanese lanterns at a fête a score or more of flares released by the raiding planes."

The aerial show is, in shifting facets, a beautiful and majestic spectacle suggestive of divine pronouncement; an intricate alignment of human and mechanical skills; an exercise in trained hostility; a segment of a huge and complex struggle

People's SUNDAY MASS BOOK now available

Collegeville, Minn. A *Sunday Mass Book* containing the latest, official texts for liturgical service along with 304 hymns and Mass melodies was announced this week.

The neat, convenient manual was edited for

alert, post-conciliar Catholics who are endeavoring to mature spiritually through use of the rich theological content of the liturgy;

those intent on helping others grow in the understanding of the Church's YEAR OF GRACE by discussing or teaching the message and doctrine of the Church's official prayer;

lectors who wish to prepare their part in the liturgical service beforehand;

cantors who wish to prepare selected chants and antiphons for the community celebration;

priests who need not only the full text but also directional comment in order to speak incisively on the day's liturgy;

ministers functioning in the sanctuary who should have a complete and convenient (with ribbons) manual containing the hymns, readings, antiphons, prayers, etc.;

all who are eager to participate fully in the Mass liturgy by familiarizing themselves beforehand or by reflecting later on the mystery of the day; commentary is given with each Mass formulary, before component parts of the Mass service, and preceding the various liturgical seasons;

those who are truly trying to do a bit more than the minimum as members of God's people;

members of several thousand parishes where OUR PARISH PRAYS AND SINGS HYMNBOOK is now in use; this edition provides a small, soft-cover, convenient missal-hymnal instead of the bulky, heavy book. But no confusion, because *page numbers* and *hymn numbers* remain absolutely identical in both editions.

You will be enthusiastic about having and using *Our Parish Prays and Sings* SUNDAY MASS BOOK. Pocket-size; ribbons; color illustrations; flexible binding. 1056 pages. $4.95.

For copies, call at or phone your local bookstore; if none exist in your area, order from: THE LITURGICAL PRESS, Collegeville, Minn.

Advertisement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between opposed ideas and forces. In the same way, the human lives appear in mixed and shifting relationships. They demonstrate the dominant law: "incalculable reversal, of former circumstances and feelings." Affected are nations, systems of life, friendship, and love. On this slippery stage the precarious footing of the affections, like that of rank and prestige in the army, is in perpetual dis-equilibrium, and must be maintained and fostered by the nuances of constant maneuver.

On the whole, fear is even more present outside the framework provided by the army, than inside. The machinations of Colonel Hogbourne-Johnson and Major Widerpool are tentatively limited by that framework, which is nevertheless chronically invaded by the shabbiness of failure or that "chic" death which occurs away, in the zone of battle. (Biggs' suicide in the unused cricket-pavilion, escapes the chic.) But no framework supports the people outside, and they are bound together by raw ligaments, the tattered ends of nerves and affections, the disintegrating baggage of the past.

An hour in a restaurant is a mass of ganglia of the past and present, inextricably and painfully mingled. The people present have passed on to fresh alignments of some complexity, but the previous connections all are still present and operating. They speak and think as they do because of people absent, or dead; because in the web of time, the previous relationships are still viable and even precious. "You know you get to a stage," says one of them, "especially in wartime, when it's a relief to hear familiar things talked about, whatever they are and whoever's saying them." The instinctive resistance to general dissolution is omnipresent, and so is the rapid and subtle confrontation and confusion of opposites —as among the flashlights of the Regent Street tarts: "From time to time one of them would play the light against her own face in self-advertisement, giving the effect of candles illuminating a holy picture in the shadows of a church." Or: "Aunt Molly usen't to like her, but they're great buddies now." This is not the growth of revelation or new knowledge: in the new alignments, no less than in the drastic ruptures, is shown the pattern of inner wastes and voids terrifyingly habitual.

The force of the work lies primarily in its design. The tone is stubbornly muted. The book stands on its own; but on its own it is necessarily less in stature. Taken with its predecessor, it illustrates with humor, precision and a certain audacity, Powell's overriding theme: the necessity to discover and provide the "mysterious nourishment" of a love or loyalty combatting always the inherent seeds of its own destruction.

Near the Ocean

ROBERT LOWELL

Farrar, Straus, $6

Collected Poems

LOUIS MACNEICE

Oxford, $9.75

BERT C. BACH

The substance of *Near the Ocean*, Robert Lowell's most recent volume of poetry, implicitly establishes a juxtaposition between modern America and the grandeur, horror, and necessarily ephemeral character of ancient Rome. The "American" half of the volume is essentially a jeremiad; it includes seven original poems, five relatively long and two short. In the second half, Mr. Lowell employs a mode which he calls "imitations"; it includes free translations of three Horation odes, the entire tenth satire ("Vanity of Human Wishes") of Juvenal, Dante's "Brunetto Latini" (*Inferno*, Canto XV), and "The Ruins of Time," a sonnet sequence based loosely on poems of Quevedo and Góngora. Calling the link between ancient Rome and the modern America of his poems a "mystery," Mr. Lowell asserts that it is possibly effected by the twenty-one drawings which Sidney Nolan, the Australian painter, has furnished for the book.

Though no less given to intense compression and striking transitions, Lowell is today not the poet of "Colloquy in Black Rock" or *The Mills of the Kavanaughs*. As with *Life Studies* (1959), the present volume is more modernistically topical—though it lacks the autobiographical elements or self-therapeutic intention which rendered the former work an exorcism of sorts. In place of profuse Christian symbology, forced iambics, and (at times) gaudily baroque allusions, the Lowell of *Near the Ocean* substitutes the language and rhythms of ordinary speech, thereby effecting a more exoteric style. While irregular lines predominate in this new style, tension is often created by the interpolation of exact tetrameters and exact rhymes, as: "I watch a glass of water wet / with a fine fuzz of icy sweat. . . ."

Near the Ocean, the lament of a self-recognized Cassandra, is Lowell's blackest poetry. Perhaps because the absence of profuse religious images and symbols eliminates the moral center so graphically evident in *Land of Unlikeness* and *Lord Weary's Castle*, the horror of his typically American themes and the appropriate parallel between modern America and a spiritually bankrupt Roman Empire are rendered a more grotesque vision. Such topical allusions as the President "swimming nude, unbuttoned" and delivering

Immaculate Conception Seminary

PASTORAL INSTITUTE

June 11-August 4. For priests and clerics in major orders. Contact Rev. Conrad Falk, OSB.

SISTERS IN CONVERSATION INSTITUTE

June 25-July 15. Contact Rev. Marcian O'Meara, OSB.

Conception, Missouri 64433
Phone 816-944-2211

Book Stores

CHICAGO, ILL.

THOMAS MORE BOOK SHOP
"The world's largest Catholic bookstore"
The Center for Religious Art
In Chicago's Loop
180 North Wabash Chicago 60601
Phone: 332-1795

PITTSBURGH, PA.

KIRNER's
Catholic Book Store
309 Market Street
Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania
Phone: CO 1-2326 and 1-2327

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his "ghost written rhetoric," "Joan Baez on the gramophone," "chance assassinations," "exhaling smog," "Civil Rights clergy," and the obligation to "beg delinquents for our life" impress the immediacy of his theme of affluence and its attendant sterility and loss of values. These themes are epitomized in the closing stanza of "Waking Early Sunday Morning":

Pity the planet, all joy gone
from this sweet volcanic cone;
peace to our children when they fall
in small war on the heels of small
war—until the end of time
to police the earth, a ghost
orbiting forever lost
in our monotonous sublime.

Two poems, "Fourth of July in Maine" and "Central Park," embody Lowell's sardonic recognition of both man's universal acceptance of a money ethic and the chauvinism characteristic in modern puritanism. With penetrating irony, he lays bare the evolution of the old theocracy: "A ministry that would have made / short work of Christ, the Son of God, / and then exchanged His crucifix, / hardly our sign, for politics." Past sins and present inhumanity give way to a hopeless future; thus Lowell depicts his daughter's two guinea pigs —and envisions "Evolution's snails by birth, / outrunning man who runs the earth."

The Collected Poems of Louis MacNeice is capably edited by E. R. Dodds. Following closely the organization and sequence of poems in the 1949 *Collected Poems* which MacNeice himself edited, Dodds also honors the poet's judgment as to which pre-1949 poems should be excluded from a collected edition. Unfortunately, he fails to discriminate among the poems included in the five volumes published by MacNeice between 1949 and 1963 (the year of the poet's death), choosing rather to include everything and thus overweighing the volume with poems not entirely representative of MacNeice's evolution as a poet. A more successful deviation from the 1949 volume is Dodds' decision to reveal MacNeice's poetic sympathies and metrical versatility by including poetic translations from French, German, and Latin sources.

Even before his recent death, MacNeice had fallen from the constellation which—in the thirties—was comprised of himself, C. Day Lewis, Spender, and Auden. His canon is too oppressively topical, his hortatory tone too foreign from a milieu which embraces existential nihilism and pessimism. Daily life during the English Depression of the thirties, the Spanish Civil War, the revolution in China, street fighting in Vienna, the German bombing of London: these subjects in retrospect do not elicit from the modern reader—or from the modern writer—the kind of affirmation evident throughout MacNeice's depiction of them. In short, there is something too pervadingly archaic about his often prose-like verse, and one doubts that *The Burning Perch,* his successful and last-published volume, will elevate his reputation beyond interest in historical association.

A Meeting by the River

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

Simon & Schuster, $4.50

GEORGE WOODCOCK

A Meeting by the River appears to be a projection into the form of a novella of those preoccupations with certain forms of Indian devotionalism which were the subject of Christopher Isherwood's previous book, *Ramakrishna and His Disciples.* The setting of *A Meeting by the River* is a monastery beside the Ganges whose tents and practices are very similar to those of the Ramakrishna Mission, and the subject of the novel is the conversion of a young Englishman, Oliver, to Hinduism, his consecration as a *sannyasin,* and the effect of these events on the worldly brother Peter who visits him in time to witness his abandonment of the world.

For anyone seeking a knowledge of India, this is a misleading little book, since it suggests that what happens at the monastery into which Oliver retreats is typical of Hinduism. In fact, of course, orders like the Ramakrishna Mission are peripheral to the mainstream of Hindu religion. Normally, for example, it is

The Grail Simplified Council Documents

Outstanding features of this series

Each paragraph of a document is simply and concisely translated and arranged in thought lines to help the reader understand its meaning.

Chapter heads and subheads are included to facilitate easy reference.

Each booklet contains an appendix of Discussion Questions that makes these booklets invaluable for study groups, upper elementary and high school classes and as supplementary teaching aids.

This is the Church .65
Dogmatic Constitution on the Church

This is Ecumenism .65
Decree on Ecumenism; Decree on the Eastern Catholic Churches; Declaration on the Relation of the Church to Non-Christian Religions

This is the Liturgy (June, 1967) .65
Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy; Dogmatic Constitution on Divine Revelation

This is the Lay Apostolate .65
Decree on the Apostolate of the Laity; Declaration on Religious Freedom

This is the Church in the World of Today .95
Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World

Benziger Brothers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

held that men are born Hindus and conversion is impossible. If Oliver is accepted as a convert, allowed to bear the Brahmin's thread and then shed it to become a *sannyasin,* it is only because Hinduism is broad enough to comprehend movements which verge on heterodoxy and which, under a veneer of ancient custom, flirt with the western and the contemporary. The monastery of the novel, in other words, is situated on a spiritual frontier, and frontiers are never typical.

But *A Meeting by the River* is, after all, fiction, and perhaps we must therefore suspend disbelief in the typicality of the setting and consider it for the human encounter that takes place therein. In these terms, Christopher Isherwood has written a novel that is very Gideian in form and also in intent. It looks, as one glances through it, like a French *récit,* brief, unadorned, composed of the letters of the two main characters interspersed with fragments of the diary which Oliver keeps to the point of his consecration. And one reads it with the feeling that here is the kind of situation in which Gide used to revel. One brother a former professional do-gooder, converted by a Swami who dissolves, with the philosophy of the Bhagavad Gita, his belief in action for its own sake, makes him a disciple and sets him on the way to enlightenment. The other a monster of self-indulgence, enslaved by homosexual carnality, a poseur and a hypocrite whose letters reveal him playing the tireless game of being all things to all men and—for that matter—to all women.

Immediately, as Mr. Isherwood seems to intend, one begins to sniff for the symbolism. Do the two brothers represent the ever-present struggle of evil and good? Perhaps that is too Zoroasterian for the setting. Do they mean the duality within every man? Are they, in other words, each others' hidden halves? Or is Mr. Isherwood playing orientalist sleight-of-hand and suggesting to us that the apparent differences between the two men, who come closer as the novel advances, and embrace in a jesting finale, are merely illusion, aspects of *maya*?

There is, I think, something of both the last two suggestions to be found in *A Meeting by the River.* Certainly, each of the brothers becomes more sharply identified and understands himself better in the presence of the other. In Peter's wickedness Oliver sees, as in a mirror, his own weaknesses of hatred and jealousy and intolerance reflected, and learns to master them. In Oliver, on the other hand, Peter sees the good that is latent in himself, and we watch him, letter by letter, becoming more honest with himself and with others, until, in a completely predictable last letter to his wife far away in England (and rather obviously called Penelope) he renounces his latest homosexual passion and assumes the guise—or it is merely another guise?—of the repentant prodigal. But as the differences between the brothers dissolve, we are led to wonder whether in fact they meant so much in the beginning as they appeared to mean, since each in his way, and in spite of the *persona* that conceals him from himself as much as from others, has advanced along the path toward the truths that lie beyond illusion.

As a speculative exercise of this kind *A Meeting by the River* is interesting, but no more than interesting. Clumsy in its psychology, it does not carry enough conviction as a portrayal of real human agony to touch the emotions. And as mere writing it is too neat, too pat, and slight in a way that has nothing to do with size. Like so many western writers who seek themes in eastern philosophy, Mr. Isherwood fails completely to evoke the profundity into which he obviously believes he has gazed.

Kipling in India

LOUIS L. CORNELL

St. Martin's, $6.95

Rudyard Kipling

J. I. M. STEWART

Dodd, Mead, $5

BERNARD BERGONZI

There has been talk of a Kipling revival for a long time. In 1941 Edmund Wilson published his essay, "The Kipling that Nobody Read," a highly influential piece that looked for the sources of Kipling's art in the author's childhood traumas, and in the same year, T. S. Eliot, introducing a selection from Kipling's verse, emphasized the seriousness of Kipling's art; though Eliot was, in turn, slapped down by Lionel Trilling and by *Scrutiny.*

A real literary revival of Kipling—as opposed to the kind of passionate devotion that he has always enjoyed among thousands of non-literary readers—has

Read

COMMUNITY

MILDRED GLADNEY discusses LERONE BENNETT, JOHN HOPE FRANKLIN, Afro-Americana.

Monthly, 25c a copy, $2 a year
Four subscriptions $6

COMMUNITY
FRIENDSHIP HOUSE
4233 Indiana, Chicago 60653

Classified

● RATES: 40¢ a word, 12 words minimum. Centered lines: $2.40 a line. Discounts: 3 times 5%; 7 times, 10%; 13 times, 15%. Payable with order.

Books

● WORKS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN, 42 volumes, reprinting. Subscription, $4.95 volume. Prospectus. CHRISTIAN CLASSICS, 205 Willis, Westminster, Maryland.

Games

● BRAIN GAMES! Send for free brochure of logic, vocabulary and strategy games—many unique. FLAGHOUSE, INC., Box 202E, NYNY 10003.

Help Wanted

● CHILD CARE WORKER, female, full time resident, for apartment in Bronx to supervise four teen age girls. Salary commensurate with experience. St. Agatha's Home, 914-623-3461, Ext. 252.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

GEORGE GREENE is a critic and short-story writer whose work has appeared in various journals including *Perspectives* and *Thought.*

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN is the author of *The Animal Inside,* a new book of poetry, and a forthcoming study of the plays of Ionesco and Genet, *The Presence of Absence.*

BERT C. BACH is associate professor of English at Eastern Kentucky University.

GEORGE WOODCOCK's most recent book is *The Crystal Spirit* (Little, Brown).

BERNARD BERGONZI is the author of *Heroes' Twilight.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had to wait until the mood of the times was ready for it. And now the signs are beginning to look propitious. Three years ago, a British scholar and critic, Andrew Rutherford, brought out a compilation called *Kipling's Mind and Art,* which reprinted Wilson and Trilling and Orwell, together with fresh appreciations of Kipling by several young English critics.

Yet if a taste for Kipling does reassert itself, it is likely to be for fairly complicated reasons. Kipling was, without doubt, a highly intelligent and serious artist, even though his kind of seriousness was far removed from the aesthetic concentration of the great innovators of the modern movement in literature. At the same time, Kipling's art is frequently teetering on the verge of the bathetic, the absurd, the extravagantly overstated. This is true, too, of his patriotism: there was an exotic and consciously exaggerated element in the imperialism of the young Anglo-Indian writer that would not have come so easily to a native Englishman.

There was, in short, a decided air of camp about Kipling, and I would hazard a guess that this could make him into something very big in the England of the sixties; just now the fashionable youth of London are ransacking second-hand clothes shops for old military uniforms, and the Union Jack has become a pop-art object. Victorian and Edwardian imperialism, and their apotheosis and downfall in the First World War, are the objects of a consuming nostalgia. One boutique for the young male is called "I Was Lord Kitchener's Valet," and this in turn has been parodied by a tune currently climbing the British pop-music charts called "I was Kaiser Bill's Batman." Above all, I was struck by a photograph of Kipling as a young man in India which is reproduced in Mr. Stewart's book, and which appears on the jacket of Mr. Cornell's: in it, Kipling looks a very trendy figure indeed, wearing the round-framed spectacles and drooping heavy moustache which the Beatles have lately taken to sporting.

These reflections are meant to suggest that it is very difficult to separate Kipling from his milieu, to consider him simply as a writer of immense talents, even, perhaps, genius, for whom India and the Empire had the same kind of importance as "Wessex" did for Hardy. In his painstaking though rather superficial critical biography Mr. Stewart does, indeed, attempt to treat the best of Kipling's short stories purely as literature, with a perennial human quality, rather than as illustrations of an exotic strain of subject matter. Mr. Cornell, however, is not so much concerned with extracting Kipling from his milieu as pushing him further into it. I learned quite a lot from his book about India in the eighteen-eighties and the circumstances of Kipling's apprenticeship to fiction via newspaper work. But the interest is cultural-historical rather than literary: it is useful to be given so much information about the sources of Kipling's Indian fiction, even though the real critical questions about that fiction are not raised.

Mr. Cornell can, however, compliment himself on having made a good job of what he set out to do, even though its utility does not strike me as outstanding. Mr. Stewart is aware of the problems surrounding Kipling's work, and he does make some attempt to deal with them critically, though too much of the time he is content to acknowledge that such-and-such an attitude of Kipling's will "undoubtedly offend the liberal sensibility." The fact is that there are some very brutal attitudes engrained in the fiber of Kipling's imagination. Only the crude liberal will ignorantly reject the whole corpus—and after all, similar problems arise when reading other right-wing writers, such as Roy Campbell or Céline—but the sensitive liberal has a right to expect more critical assistance than Mr. Cornell or Mr. Stewart care to supply.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 221)

parts of the reply but at times they may be inadequate. They constitute a Catholic argument no doubt, but not a sufficiently catholic one.

CELEBRATE SPRING WITH A NEW VANDERBILT BOOK

AND PROMISES TO KEEP
The Southern Conference for Human Welfare, 1938-1948
BY THOMAS A. KRUEGER

The story of the Southern popular-front organization which sought to bring about cures for social and economic ills of the South and to assist Franklin D. Roosevelt in his attempt to liberalize the Democratic party. March/$6.50

* * * * *

FLESH OF STEEL
Literature and the Machine in American Culture
BY THOMAS REED WEST

An examination of the impact of the machine, in its states of discipline and energy, on American literature earlier in this century, through a study of the works of Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis, Thorstein Veblen, and others. April/$4.50

* * * * *

WITH THE BARK ON
Popular Humor of the Old South
Compiled and Edited with Introduction and Notes by
JOHN Q. ANDERSON

Seventy humorous tales and sketches, depicting the backwoodsman in the "Old Southwest," which were originally published in magazines from 1830 to 1860. May/$7.50

* * * * *

AT EASE IN ZION
A Social History of Southern Baptists, 1865-1900
BY RUFUS B. SPAIN

An analysis of the Southern Baptist response to significant social problems of the critical post-Civil War era. May/$6.95

ORDER NOW

Vanderbilt UNIVERSITY PRESS

Nashville • Tennessee • 37203

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The vindication of Catholic claims of universal holiness, truth, beauty, goodness has always bothered me somewhat. But I seem to be learning slowly. Professor Lawler's answer to Charles Davis' "defection" depends overwhelmingly on nineteenth-century Church history. Why not? If only Father Davis had read this history well enough and taken it to heart—who knows?

But then what if Father Davis was serious about all twenty centuries of the Church on earth? What then?

ROLAND LAIRD

TEGAWITHA

CATHOLIC CAMP FOR GIRLS, 6-16

Atop the Poconos. On private lake. All land sports, swimming, riding, dramatics, dancing, crafts, tutoring. 8 or 4 weeks. Private chapel on grounds.

50th Year

For catalog, address:

Mrs. James P. Lynch, Director
Camp Tegawitha, Box G
Tobyhanna, Pa.

In a post-Conciliar world

Commonweal

makes an ideal Graduation

or Ordination Gift

One year, $9; Two years, $17

MULTI-PURPOSE PROTEIN FOOD at 3 cents a meal, sent for relief to Dominican Republic, Brazil, Peru, India, Pakistan, South Vietnam, Nigeria and other needy countries. Also help hungry people produce their own food from materials available to them. Donations should be sent to:

MEALS FOR MILLIONS FOUNDATION
1800 Olympic Blvd.
Santa Monica, Calif. 90404

Woodstock, Md.

To the Editors: Justus George Lawler's recent article on Fr. Davis (April 7) makes an important contribution to the on-going discussion of the significance of Fr. Davis' departure. By focusing on the ecclesiology which he sees implied in Davis' remarks, he has helped move the discussion beyond the stage of personal attack and defense into a much more significant arena: our understanding of the structure of the Church itself.

Dr. Lawler perhaps best sums up his main point when he says that "there is an unremitting tension between mystique and politique, and one cannot dispense with either without dispensing ultimately with both." What I believe this comes down to is the recognition that the Church, analogous to Jesus himself, is at once divine and human, and that any attempt to eliminate one or the other of the Church's "natures" is actually to destroy it.

However, I would seriously question Dr. Lawler's understanding of the meaning of politique in the Church. He seems to identify it with "palace politics." This identification, one fears, is precisely what Fr. Davis was complaining about. "Palace politics" unavoidably smacks of a small in-group manipulating decisions behind the scenes. The question at issue is not, I think, whether politics must be present in the Church; the human side of the Church makes that mandatory. The real question is whether there is any necessity for politics in the Church to be "palace politics."

Take the case which Fr. Davis stressed and upon which Dr. Lawler comments at length: the recent papal statement on birth control stressing that the teaching authority of the Church is not in a state of doubt. For the trained theologian, wise in the wording of papal statements, fully conversant with all the developments of recent years, and aware of larger issues of authority, infallibility, and the development of doctrine, the apparent contradiction between the papal statement and the reported recommendations of the commission assigned by the Pope to study the problem can be more or less understood and explained. The explanation, however, is complex and appears to non-experts all too frequently as peculiarly suspicious theological casuistry. I suspect it is upon this that Fr. Davis' complaint about dishonesty really centers—not upon any moral fault of the Pope, but upon the existence of a language and manner of speaking which can be properly understood only by a select few and which is almost inevitably misunderstood by everyone else.

Neither a removal of the element of politics, nor a "palace politics" will serve here. What is needed is a politics open to participation by the whole Church. If we are to take seriously the implications of Vatican II's understanding of the Church as the People of God, it seems that nothing else will suffice but free and open discussion of questions which are in a real sense "in doubt" among some elements of the Church, even though the doubts have not yet been "officially" recognized by the teaching authority. This does indeed involve a risk of "confusion, bewilderment, and even moral relativism," but it seems that to refuse this risk is to deny that the *whole* Church, the teaching as well as the non-teaching elements, participates in the tension of the human and the divine.

I would thus have to disagree with Dr. Lawler's view that "It is simply too much to ask of any 'official' body, of any institution, no matter how perfectly structured and purely administered, that it be 'the model of human relationships and human community'." Dr. Lawler is making, I think, far too great a split between the divine and human elements in the Church, implying that the institutional and official is merely human (politique), presumably leaving the divine to appear in the prophetic, the charismatic, the individual (mystique). A better view, I think, is that which sees everything in the Church as both divine and human. This seems to be Paul's view in I Corinthians where he speaks of the many gifts of the Spirit within the one body; it is also, I believe, the view of Vatican II. Both the prophetic and the institutional elements are charismatic (controlled by the Spirit); both must

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

co-operate with one another in the service of the whole Church which is a totality beyond any of its parts. The politics of the Church, then, should not be "palace politics" for this is in effect to place one of the necessary elements within the Church outside of the rest of the Church. Only with a politics of free, open, and courageously honest discussion where each element is able to recognize every other and, guided by the Spirit, perform its work can the whole Church both be and become itself.

G. MICHAEL MC CROSSIN, S.J.

Waltham, Mass.

To the Editors: Thank you so much for printing R. M. Brown's reflections on the Charles Davis affair (April 7). They serve as an illuminating and compassionate corrective to Justus George Lawler's offensively stated, though admittedly relevant remarks. Apart from the snide statements about Davis' earlier lack of forthrightness (when presumably he was already practicing and loathing that politique which Lawler so extolls), Lawler quite misses the point of what makes Davis' action a twentieth-century and not a nineteenth-century step. Comparing him to Abbé Massin and refuting him with Congar's catalogue of forgotten sects, Lawler fails to see that the real meaning of Davis' action lies in rejecting exactly this kind of rebellious sectarianism. Davis refuses to form a sect or to align himself with one, because presumably he knows that to do so would, in Congar's quoted words, "only render more difficult the work of the Gospel in the world."

I agree with Lawler that Davis seems to undervalue the importance of institutional structures in human life. But surely we don't have to revert to *Mystici Corporis* literalism in the understanding of membership in order to grasp the significance (whether fully realized by him or not) of Davis' action and words. Brown, by seeing Davis as a "separated brother," i.e., still one of the family, is more help. Unlike Lawler who is trapped in nineteenth-century military and similar linear metaphors, Brown is able to see that there may be ways to conceive of an individual's relationship to an institution he would change other than long-suffering silence "inside" or excommunicated alienation "outside"; that an individual may still be *present* within an institution's frame of reference while standing a-side it, an inside-outside relationship as it were, which Fr. Davis' friends "within" the Church have already been promised they can expect. Hopefully we have reached a stage in our Christian life where we may welcome that friendship and benefit from the stance without evoking images of shepherds wandering outside in the cold mist while we alone inside bask in the warmth of the *whole* truth.

(*Rev.*) JOSEPH L. WALSH, C.S.P.

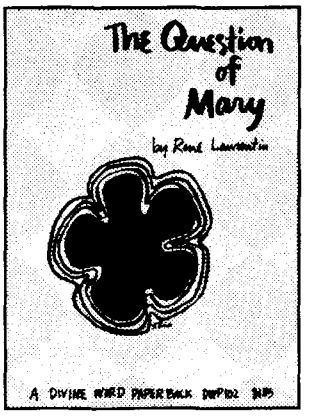
Newport, Rhode Island

To the Editors: Justus George Lawler's recent article (April 7) seems to be an swer to the disgruntled traditionalist who recently asked the Editors: if you are all that fed up, why do you stay in the Church? It was a good answer, and convincing, but it left this lay parish member somewhat disturbed.

Many critics of Father Davis point to the small sects that have in the past broken away and been forgotten after apparently accomplishing little. But I wonder if the purpose of these groups is to make a big splash historically, or is it to escape the tension of the polarity Lawler describes—of the "idea" and the "limit," not because they are "slackers," but because it just doesn't make sense any more, and they want to live a life of Christian commitment without having to fight the bureaucracy.

To point to nineteenth century repression as an argument against leaving the Church at this time ignores a fundamental fact of human psychology: slaves don't rebel, but proletarians do. Before the monolithic structure of the Church showed cracks, we were content with our lot: to be a Catholic was to be repressed. But Vatican II opened our eyes. Whole new worlds of attitudes and actions became possible. Maybe some of us felt too free too soon, as subsequent events testify, but my point is that we caught a glimpse of what our Catholicism could

DIVINE WORD PAPERBACKS



The Question of Mary

René Laurentin

Father Laurentin, a distinguished French theologian, presents what is unavailable from any other source: a concise and objective appraisal of the development of the "Marian movement" and of the present problems, theological and ecumenical, in the field of Marian studies.
". . . of great value for an understanding of the Church's position with regard to our Lady. This book can scarcely be recommended too highly." *Columba Cary-Elwes, OSB*
$2.50

The Parish in Crisis, ed. by John McCudden. Nine authors, including Dennis Clark, John Harmon, and Dennis Geaney, make clear why and how change must come to the parish if it is to survive in an urban society. **$2.25**

God's World in the Making, by Peter Schoonenberg. A work which accepts the evolutionary view of man and his world and relates it to the message of Christian revelation. **$1.85**

No More Strangers, by Philip Berrigan, SSJ. Christian witness brought to bear on the great moral issues of the day—race, war, poverty. **$1.25**

The Church in the Changing City, ed. by Louis Luzbetak, SVD. Expert analysis of the problems facing the Church in the nation's inner-city areas. **$2.25**

From your bookstore or:

Divine Word Publications
TECHNY, ILLINOIS 60082

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Join the Commonweal Associates

In this tensely divided and post-Conciliar world help gain a wider hearing for Commonweal's point-of-view by taking out a membership in the Associates. Join the following fellow-subscribers who have enrolled as Charter or Sustaining Members for 1967.

Charter

Dr. James S. Anderson, Ilion, N. Y.
Mrs. Henry S. Bachmann, Norfolk, Va.
Lawrence Betz, Chicago
Rev. Vincent A. Brown, Jamaica, N. Y.
James MacGregor Byrne, Chevy Chase
Francis J. Colligan, Chevy Chase
Rev. Joseph R. Colrick, Saddle River, N. J.
Commonweal Club of Los Angeles
Mrs. George L. Craig, Jr., Sewickley, Pa.
Bruce A. Connolly, Norwood, Mass.
Ralph H. Dwan, Washington
Rt. Rev. Abbot Baldwin Dworschak, Collegeville, Minn.
Mrs. Hermene Eisenman, Chicago
The Rt. Rev. John Tracy Ellis, Providence
Mrs. F. T. Faust, Louisville
Mrs. R. F. Gardner, Norwich, Conn.
Rev. Benedict F. Gauronskas, New Britain
Mr. and Mrs. James G. Goff, St. Paul
Walter E. Haggerty, Deerfield, Ill.
John A. Hampsey, M.D., Bethlehem, Pa.
Mary Harrison, Vancouver, B.C.
Hon. B. B. Horrigan, Pasco, Wash.
John J. Kirwan, Washington
Mrs. Irving F. Laucks, Santa Barbara
Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Maternowski, Grand Rapids
Mrs. Julian Maynard, Los Angeles
Mary D. Merrill, Saco, Maine
William J. Moore, Downers Grove, Ill.
Mrs. A. G. Peters, Paterson
William Pfaff, Ridgefield, Conn.
Roy J. Pierson, Winnetka
Mr. and Mrs. Sven Reher, Los Angeles
James F. Reilly, Flushing, N. Y.
Helen L. Reynolds, Arlington, Va.
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Charles O. Rice, Pittsburgh
Mrs. J. R. Robinson, Avondale, Pa.
Mrs. Willem C. Schilthuis, New York
Mrs. Leland Schubert, Cleveland
Noel Sherry, Mexico City
Rev. William J. Sherzer, Detroit
The Rev. Gerard S. Sloyan, Washington
Gregory B. Smith, New York
Mrs. Walter K. Sturges, Jr., Ardsley, N. Y.
Marie deL. Welch West, San Francisco

Sustaining

John Anderton, McLean, Va.
Rev. Richard Armstrong, New York
Mrs. Joseph V. Baldwin, North Wilbraham, Mass.
Marshall W. Baldwin, City Island, N. Y.
James D. Barger, M.D., Las Vegas
Mrs. Henry C. Barkhorn, Newark
Samuel G. Beatty, Vineland, N. J.
Mrs. Leonard Bolane, Amsterdam, N. Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Born, Brunswick, Maine
Two Donors from Boston College
Mrs. Hazen A. Boucher, Portland, Ore.
A. Rosemary Bowers, Minneapolis
Warren Brady, Pittsburgh
Jessie Bridgwater, Houston
Francis L. Burke, Matawan, N. J.
Mrs. Frederick Byrne, Bronxville, N. Y.
Rev. James F. Byrne, Indianapolis
Mrs. Joseph P. Callan, Washington
Rt. Rev. Msgr. George W. Casey, Lexington, Mass.
Dr. Francis P. Cassidy, Auburn, Mass.
Rev. Jasper Chiodini, St. Louis
John Cogley, Santa Barbara
Arthur A. Cohen, New York
Margaret Haile Commiskey, Baltimore
Thomas G. Corcoran, Washington
James J. Corral, Tampa
Cronyn, Pocock, and Robinson, Ltd., London, Ontario
Peter J. Crotty, Buffalo
Mrs. F. E. Cunningham, Rochester, N. Y.
Michael W. Daly, Compton, Calif.
Percy M. Dawson, M.D., Los Altos, Calif.
Edwin Dedenbach, Detroit
Timothy V. A. Dillon, Washington
W. J. Dillon, Willowdale, Ontario
Rev. Thomas L. Dinges, Davenport
Bernard J. Dobbins, Vacaville, Calif.
Katherine J. Dotts, Philadelphia
Lee F. Driscoll, Jr., Ambler, Pa.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Brooklyn
Thomas E. Dwyer, Needham, Mass.
Christina F. Egan, St. Davids, Pa.
Shirley Esenther, Los Angeles
Alice J. Falvey, Towson, Md.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard P. Ferguson, Shaker Heights
Mr. and Mrs. James B. Finn, St. Louis
Rt. Rev. Edward J. Fitzsimons, Barre, Vt.
Dorothy Gallagher, Kansas City
Jim Gallatin, Vinita, Okla.
Florence Gelhaus, Gardena
Hugh A. Gillis, Cleveland
Charles F. Godley, Kew Gardens, N. Y.
Walter T. Grady, Dayton
Henry Gregory, Rock Mount, N. C.
Mrs. Rudolf K. Haerle, Indianapolis
The Misses Veronica and Elaine Hager, Albany, N. Y.
Mrs. John L. Hannan, Marblehead, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Harlow, Northfield, Minn.
Mr. and Mrs. Philip A. Hart, Washington
Clare Havey, Toronto
Mrs. W. H. Hayes, New York
Mrs. Lawrence C. Herold, Rocky River, Ohio
Rt. Rev. Msgr. George G. Higgins, Washington
Rev. Thomas F. Hinsberg, Detroit
John S. Holland, Bedford, N. H.
Sidney Hollander, Baltimore
Alice Holoubek, M.D., Shreveport
Charles S. Horgan, Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Carol A. Hubert, Williamsburg, Va.
Walter J. Hurd, Alexandria, Va.
Mrs. Dwight A. Jackson, Winston-Salem
Richard Kegel, M.D., Aberdeen, Wash.
Edward W. Kelly, Arlington, Va.
Walter Kerr, Larchmont, N. Y.
Mary I. Lanigan, Newton Highlands, Mass.
Constance M. Logue, St. Paul

COMMONWEAL ASSOCIATES, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016

Please enroll me as a member of the Associates for 1967, to further Commonweal's growth and influence.

☐ Charter Member $100
☐ Sustaining Member $50
☐ Full amount enclosed
☐ Half the full amount enclosed: please remind me of the balance in 6 months.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lee E. McCaffrey, CWO USA (Ret.), San Francisco
Mr. Robert McGarty, Ipswich, Mass.
Mr. & Mrs. Robert McNichol, St. Davids, Pa.
James F. McNulty, Jr., Bisbee, Arizona
Conrad Mackenzie, M.D., Vancouver, B. C.
James T Maher, M.D., Grand Rapids, Mich.
J. M. Maloney, Groton, N. Y.
Joseph Manning, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Mrs. Emil C. Marquardt, Clearwater Beach, Fla.
Rev. F. Gerald Martin, Detroit
Mrs. Alan Matthias, Radnor, Pa.
J. D. Mattimore, Louisville
Mrs. Daphne H. Mebane, New York
Samuel V. Merrick, Washington
Gerald F. Millea, Washington
Dr. Donal G. Murphy, Green's Farms, Conn.
Marjorie Murphy, New Brunswick, N. J.
Joseph E. Murray, M.D., Wellesley Hills
John O'Connor, Jr., Pittsburgh
Rev. Peter O'Reilly, New York
Richard T. O'Rourke, New York
Donald O'Toole, Flossmoor, Ill.
Michael F. Pompa, Upland, Calif.
Lucile W. Reynolds, Madison, Wisc.
Mrs. Romelle S. Roosevelt, Pasadena
Dr. and Mrs. Gerald Rubacky, Upper Montclair, N. J.
Mrs. F. I. Sabo, Bozeman, Mont.
Rev. Thomas M. Santa, Topeka, Kansas
Mr. and Mrs. Emil J. Seliga, Inglewood, Calif.
Miss Joan Shepard, St. Paul, Minn.
John M. Smyth, Winnetka
Mrs. Henry Stern, Dorado, P. R.
Richard T. Stith, Jr., Clayton, Mo.
Lawrence W. Strattner, Jr., Pittsfield, Mass.
C. J. Sullivan, Toronto
Mrs. S. H. Tashian, Seattle
Rev. William H. Thompson, Joliet, Ill.
Mildred Toner, New York
Rev. Ronald Trojcak, Decatur, Ill.
Rev. John E. Twomey, Milwaukee
James T. Vocelle, Vero Beach, Fla.
Richard J. Voorhees, West Lafayette, Indiana
Mr. and Mrs. Dan Walsh, San Leandro, Calif.
Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Wimsatt, New Haven
Frank L. Winter, Chicago
Paul Winter, M.D., Chicago
Rev. Frank Wuellner, Tolono, Ill.
Rev. George Wuellner, Morton, Ill.
Rev. Joseph Zalotay, Washington

be. When the door closed on that sight we were left in a rebellious mood.

Some good things have survived: the strengthening of the ecumenical movement, the liturgical renewal. But we expected a change in something fundamental which if Lawler is right will never change: the arrogance of power.

I have always been envious of those Catholics who could pick and choose those doctrines with which their actions conformed, still remain close to the sacraments, and suffer no emotional conflict. For those of us not so fortunate, Lawler's observation ". . . what one Council has done another can undo," is a terrible cynicism, although nothing less than historical fact. It is not enough to say "Grow Up," as Father Gregory Baum has said in your pages. Unless we parents actively intervene our children will be taught the same doctrines which are causing our hang-up: papal infallibility and natural law argument against birth control. It is all very well to advise a sense of humor, but the condemned man doesn't appreciate graveyard comedy.

Despite these negative criticisms, I must admit that Lawler is probably right theologically, historically, logically: unfortunately that is little comfort to Charles Davis or to me. JEAN G. VAAS

Reply

Palos Park, Ill.

To the Editors: Mr. Laird's remarks are contemptible.

G. Michael McCrossin is correct; I am in complete agreement with him on the goals he defines. I trust they are attainable.

Fr. Walsh's self-gratulating charitableness has a pharisaic ring to it: the mantle of neighborly love with which he decks himself would become him better if he'd extend a like charity to Fr. Davis' critics, as to Fr. Davis. Fr. Walsh's Boolean ecclesiology—"inside-outside"—is mugwumpery of the silliest kind.

My sympathies are all with Jean G. Vaas. Unfortunately to cop out is not to escape the ambiguities of existence, whether religious or not.

JUSTUS GEORGE LAWLER

"HELP US!"

These are the words Paul of Tarsus heard in his dream 2,000 years ago. The same cry rises up today from the poverty-stricken masses of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Not a cry of the lips heard by the ears but a silent cry of the heart heard by the soul. Once you have heard it you can go back to the old dispensation with its long cars, thick carpets and juicy steaks, but it will no longer be the same: a voice will constantly remind you it is all folly, all wrong. If you have heard this cry—ever so faintly—this notice is meant for you.

A mission institute of American secular priests is now being organized in Pusan, Korea. It will be characterized by the following features:

- **seminary training in Korea under supervision of American priests**
- **imitation of Christ in His poverty**
- **apostolate and service of the poor**
- **work in teams of 2 or 3 after ordination in heavily populated urban areas**
- **permission to work in the mission country of one's choice**
- **permission to return to the U.S. every 3 years**
- **inspiration drawn from the Conciliar Documents, the new institute will be known as VATICAN II INTERNATIONAL MISSION SOCIETY**

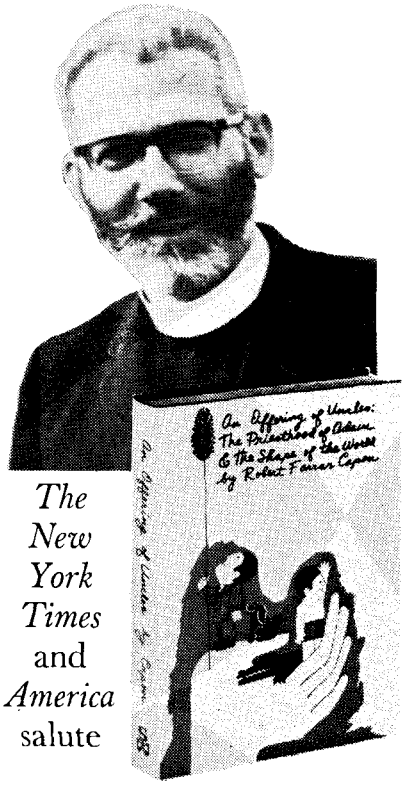
Admission requirements: completion of at least 2 years of college. Applications from seminarians and young priests are especially welcomed. For further information write:

Rev. Aloysius Schwartz
P.O. Box 60
Pusan, Korea

AD-2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHEED & WARD Highly acclaimed new books



The New York Times and *America* salute

AN OFFERING OF UNCLES

THE PRIESTHOOD OF ADAM AND THE SHAPE OF THE WORLD

by ROBERT FARRAR CAPON

author of *Bed and Board*

"Get this book for yourself by whatever means. It will work a wonderful therapy in you. It will help you to recover your humanity . . . In a style that is simple, apt, eloquent, vivid, concrete, it touches on every little thing, but also reaches down to every deep thing and up to every high thing."– ROBERT E. FITCH, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"An uncommon and altogether delightful book. I can think of no one who could not profit from it."
– D. A. DRENNEN, *America*

A Selection of the Catholic Book Club

3rd Large Printing • $3.95

THE HUMAN MYSTERY OF SEXUALITY

By MARC ORAISON. Although it became a subject of heated controversy after its publication in France, this book by a French priest-psychiatrist is a serious, not a sensational, approach to sexuality. "Definitely a step in the right direction and should help to clarify the basic issues confronting the People of God in the world today."– SISTER VINCENT FERRER CHARLES, M.M., M.D., The Seton Psychiatric Institute, Baltimore. 2nd Large Printing. $3.95

NATIONALISM AND AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

By DOROTHY DOHEN. A Fordham sociologist takes a hard look at the relation between American nationalism and American Catholicism. "Forces the reader to ask whether as men of faith, we may not have paid too high a price for our cozy niche in the American way of life."
– BRUCE F. BIEVER, *America*. $6.00

BECOMING A PERSON IN THE WHOLE CHRIST

By EDWIN M. MCMAHON, S.J. and PETER A. CAMPBELL, S.J. "The authors have succeeded in illuminating some of the most important elements in the prayer of the modern Christian, especially the role of interpersonalism in the spiritual life. Both the religious and the layman will find stimulating reading here."– CHRISTOPHER F. MOONEY, S.J., Fordham University. A Selection of the Spiritual Book Associates. $5.50

THE VISION OF PAUL TILLICH

By CARL J. ARMBRUSTER, S.J. "A fine, clear exposition of Tillich's theology prismed through his notion of the relation between religion and culture . . . A major contribution to the evaluation of Paul Tillich's message."– BROTHER GABRIEL MORAN, F.S.C., Manhattan College. $6.50

GOD'S GRACE IN HISTORY

By CHARLES DAVIS. "The basic problem which concerns Charles Davis here is the Christian attitude toward the modern secular world . . . This book is an excellent illustration, not only of the subject problem, but of the author's wit and erudition."– *Kirkus Service*. "A stimulating book."– *N. Y. Times Book Review*. $3.50

THE UNKNOWN GOD?

The Second Volume of Theological Meditations,
Hans Küng, General Editor

By JOSEPH MOLLER, HERBERT HAAG and GOTTHOLD HASENHUTTL. "Attacks the problem of atheism in the language which is used by atheists themselves and which should be attractive both to readers who do not believe and to those who do believe but find the usual statements of their belief unsatisfactory."– JOHN L. MCKENZIE, S.J. $3.95

At your bookstore

SHEED & WARD, New York, N. Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED